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From THE LONDON, ENGLAND, JEWISH CHRONICLE

DR. WEIZMANN AND ZIONISM

The objection to holding such meetings as those of the Executive ("Actions") Committee of the World Zionist Organisation with closed doors, against which we have so often protested, could not be better illustrated than by the proceedings of that body at Berlin. The meetings were far less in the nature of Committees than of Conferences. Important, and indeed vital issues were submitted for discussion. Reports of them, of a sort, were bound to reach the public, though necessarily in a form the entire correctness of which at best could be but doubtful, and which might be in little better than a mangled form. Matters were further complicated by the meetings which were being held almost simultaneously of the Mixed Jewish Agency and the difficulty of allocating to each body the precise functions which it intended to fulfil. Any comments on what occurred must, therefore, be subject to reservations fitting the circumstances to which we allude. Our own reports, although supplied from sources as reliable as we could procure, must likewise be read in similar light. We doubt not those responsible for this very unfortunate state of affairs pursue the course they do—so unwise, so contrary to the interests of the Movement and so contemptuous of the public—of set purpose. They ignore all else, and see in it only a means whereby inconvenient speeches may be denied, and proceedings that may reflect upon themselves and their colleagues may be smoothed over or explained away. It is thus a policy of shiftless cowardice and timorous disingenuousness. It is indicative of the mentality which prefers to work secretly in the dark, underground, and shuns in fear the light of day. Let us give just one instance, drawn from the Berlin meetings of the "Actions" Committee, in support of what we say. According to reports that have reached us, Dr. Weizmann made one of the most astounding of the many astounding statements hitherto recorded of him. He is recognized still, be it remembered, as the leader of the Zionist Movement, although Mr. Felix Warburg has assumed, on what grounds have not been stated—perhaps if rumour speaks truly for very sufficient reason—some at least of the functions that properly belong to the President of the Zionist Organisation and are not those of any official of the Mixed Jewish Agency. Dr. Weizmann is actually said to have declared, in the course of a Presidential speech, that Zionism has for its object now, not as hitherto the establishment in Palestine of a legally secured, publicly recognised Home for the Jewish People—not anything in the nature of a Jewish Commonwealth, not anything in fact Jewish at all—but a bi-national Palestine created by the amalgamation of Jews with Arabs! And, in fact, he set before the meeting, as leader of the Movement, as its purpose an Arab-Jewish State! If this is his view he has travelled far and wide from that goal which he once, not so long ago, pictured: a Palestine as Jewish as England is English; and he has even thrown over and ruthlessly trampled upon every doctrine of the national teacher with whom he has always been so anxious to associate himself, "Achad Ha'Am." It goes without saying that such a declaration is absolutely and diametrically opposed to Zionist principles, if for no other reason than that it counsels Jewish assimilation of the grossest and most repellant sort. Nor were matters made better, according to the report which reached us of his speech, by his cruelly cynical answer to the storm of disapproval with which it was met, that it was better for him to suggest this new orientation of the Movement than that Lord Passfield, the Colonial Secretary, should do so. No wonder that foremost among those who expressed their indignant abhorrence of the position Dr. Weizmann adopted, is said to have been that pioneer Jewish Nationalist, Mr. Joseph Cowen, whose intervention must have been as gratifying for personal as for public reasons, since it indicated his complete recovery from a recent and somewhat prolonged illness. When thus challenged, Dr. Weizmann, after the usual display he almost invariably makes when brought to book, and offering to resign his leadership, quickly and ignominiously climbed down. By means of intensive wriggling and ingenious quibbling a formula, it is announced, was found whereupon he could virtually apologise for the insult to the Cause he had committed, and which would allow him to say no more (till the next time) about the resignation. Yet for all this, so supremely important to the Movement, the public is forced to rely only upon such a report as we have described!

Now, for much of Dr. Weizmann's work in the Zionist Movement we have not seldom expressed admiration, and we feel that he could serve it infinitely better than by such a sorry exhibition of himself as he is reported to have made at Berlin. For if the statement alleged was uttered, we do not for a moment suppose that he meant what his words would imply—that he, the devoted Nationalist, has now joined hands with some of those who can see nothing for the future of Jews but that they should lose themselves amid the populations of which they form part. That, there can be no question, would be the result, so far as the Jews in Palestine are concerned, if the idea of an Arab-Jewish Palestine were carried to its logical conclusion. What we are rather inclined to think is that, assuming the account be correct, in his anaemic weakness, Dr. Weizmann thought by the egregious statement he made, to smooth the susceptibilities of the British Govtrnment, with whom by the by he seems in somewhat bad odour as witness the sending by the Colonial Secretary the other day for Mr. Warburg when consultation was desired on Jewish matters in Palestine. He also hoped that he might placate the Arabs; but as to that he has had a prompt and clear answer from more than one of their leading organs repudiating any Bi-National State as the future Palestine which it declares, adopting Dr. Weizmann's slogan, must be as Arab as England is English. So that he seems to have lent himself to a profoundly unwise, aside from being a dangerous piece of "diplomacy," utterly morally indefensible, which had not the redeeming feature of being successful. It dismayed and must still further have "distressed" his followers: it has evoked a snub from the Arabs, and we cannot believe that the British Government thinks any the better of him for this display of what must look to them like arrant pusillanimity. Nor can we believe that Dr. Weizmann really thinks that he is so indispensable to the Zionist Movement—as distinguished from the Zionist Organization—that it was necessary for him

(Continued on page 16)

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MONTREAL SOCIAL

Mrs. S.—W. Livingston, of Gleneagles, entertained at a tea Saturday, October 11, in honor of her mother-in-law, Mrs. David L. Cohen.

* * *

Mrs. Harry Freedman, of Newark, N. J., who was visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Liverman, Victoria Avenue, has gone home.

* * *

Mrs. B. Jeffay, of Glasgow, Scotland, sailed October 10, on board "The Duchess of Atholl" for Montreal, and is expected to arrive this week-end to be with her daughter, Mrs. Dave Shalinsky, Old Orchard Avenue.

* * *

Miss Ruth Isaacs, of St. John, N.B., is attending McGill University.

* * *

Miss Anne Newhouse, of Chicago, is visiting Miss Helaine Simon, Kitchener Avenue, who has returned from a six weeks' visit to Chicago.

* * *

J. Kauffman, Upper Belmont Avenue, sailed from New York, Friday, October 10, for Europe.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Werblow, of White Plains, N.Y., James Werblow and Major Quithner, of New York, were in town Thursday, October 9, for the Werblow-Workman wedding.

* * *

Mrs. Saxe and son and daughter, of Warsaw, Poland, have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. D. Cummings, Grey Avenue, for the past month.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Abe Bronfman, Rosemount Avenue, were at home to 300 guests Saturday afternoon, October 11, in honor of their 25th. wedding anniversary. Mr. and Mrs. Bronfman received the guests, the latter wearing a gown of hand-blocked figured chiffon. Mrs. Harry Bronfman, in wine color chiffon; and Mrs. S. H. Rost, in a black chiffon, poured the tea. Mrs. Sam Bronfman, wearing in a brown lamé gown, Mrs. Allan Bronfman in black net; Mrs. Peter Groper in black and pink chiffon; and Mrs. Barney Aaron, in figured chiffon, cut the ices. Assisting in serving were Misses Zella Bronfman, in red flowered chiffon; Rona Bronfman, in green flowered chiffon; Mildred Bronfman in green satin; and Freda Bessner in black chiffon and lace. The decorations were yellow roses and candles, the color scheme being carried out in yellow and bronze.

* * *

Mrs. I. Danson, Sherbrooke Street West, who has been travelling through Canada and Los Angeles, since August 23, is now visiting in Winnipeg and is expected home around the first of November.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Jules Kramer and Mrs. I. Bailey and daughter, Edna, all of New York, who attended the Rittenberg-Godine wedding, have gone home.

* * *

Miss Fanny Roseman spent the Succoth Holidays in Quebec City.

* * *

S. M. Eisenstadt, of New York, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. Rudolph, Strathcona Avenue.

* * *

Lewis Faber, Vendome Avenue, who spent a week-end in New York, has returned.

* * *

Henry Cohen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Cohen, Vendome Avenue, is attending Queen's University, at Kingston.

* * *

Paul Silverstein, Northcliffe Avenue, is spending ten days in New York.

* * *

Mrs. I. Kahn, Prudhomme Avenue, entertained at four tables of bridge Sunday afternoon, October 12, in honor of Miss Hattie Morris, of Hamilton, welcoming Mesdames Nellie Perlman, Leo Freudberg, Sam Freudberg, Wm. Rothman, Jack Feller, Henry April, Moe Gordon, and E. M. Gordon, Sr., and Misses Mildred Gorfinkle, Ray Aronson, Cele Adelson, Olga Yossem, Ethel Wener, Sonia, Bessie and Celia Rosenbaum, Fay Redlich. Mrs. Moe Gordon poured the coffee and Mrs. E. M. Gordon, Sr., cut the ices. Prizes were given at each table and the guest of honor was presented with a pair of Italian antique book-ends.

* * *

Mrs. S. Botner, President of the Canadian Jewish Farm School, left for Toronto Friday, to attend the Convention of the Canadian Jewish Farm School.

* * *

Mrs. A. Weiss, Maurice Street, and Mrs. J. Rosenstein, Wilson Avenue, who motored to Kingston, are back.

* * *

Mrs. Arthur A. Salomon, Northcliffe Avenue, has left to spend a few weeks in New York visiting her sister, Mrs. S. M. Eisenstadt.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Raff and daughters, of Patterson, N. J., who motored here to attend the Rittenberg-Godine wedding and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Glass, Dollard Avenue, have gone back

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. H. Shiller, Hartland Avenue, who were in New York and Atlantic City for the past few weeks, have returned home.

* * *

Miss Hattie Morris, of Hamilton, is visiting Mrs. I. Kahn, Prudhomme Avenue, for two weeks.

* * *

Miss Mollie Streicher, Duluth Avenue West, is visiting in Milwaukee, Wis.

* * *

Mrs. I. Kahn, Prudhomme Avenue, entertained at two tables of bridge and tea Monday afternoon, October 13, as a courtesy to Miss Hattie Morris, of Hamilton. Misses Jennie and Sarah Samuels, Miriam Stein, and Mesdames S. B. Gordon, M. I. Gordon, J. Shattner, Moe Cohen, J. Feller were there. Mrs. M. Gordon assisted in serving. There were prizes at each table.

* * *

As a compliment to Miss Freda Kanigsberg whose marriage to Abe I. Schachter takes place Sunday, October 19, Miss Sylvia Leibovitch, gave a book shower; Miss Rebecca Kan-

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lesberg, luncheon and theatre party: Miss Goldie Schachter, bridge; Mrs. Meyer Miller, bridge and kitchen shower; Mrs. I. Dacks, bridge and china shower; Mrs. A. Kanigsberg, tea; Miss Marie Ashkaloney, luncheon at the Samovar; Miss Ann Schachter, dinner at Morgan's Grill and theatre.

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Ben Gelgoot, of Toronto, who spent the holidays here has returned.

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Miss Ruth Vosberg, returned to New York after spending two weeks the guest of Mr. and Mrs D. Baskin, Clarke Street.

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At the Edinburg Tea Rooms, October 21st, at 2.30 p.m. 1620 St. Catherine St. West. Mesdames D. Weissman, I. Abrams, P. Cohen, H. B. Miller and M. A. Pierce will be hostesses at a linen shower in aid of their Booth at the annual food sale and bazaar. Bridge and mah jong. All welcome at the Victoria Hall. Tuesday afternoon and evening, November 4th. Fashion show and parade, booths, fortune telling, fish pond, afternoon tea.

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The Y.M.H.A. held its first formal dance of the season Sunday, October 12, in the Auditorium of the Y. Refreshments were served in the Lobby, in buffet style. The committee consisted of Gerald Goldwater, Dave Becker, Sam Rubin, Louis Liffshitz, Dr. J. Fineberg, and Max Krasnow. Present were Mr. and Mrs. M. Haller, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Herman, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Welditch, Mr. and Mrs. I. Nemerow, Mr. and Mrs. M. Bruker, Mr. and Mrs. J. Goldapple, Mr. and Mrs. C. Gilletz, Mr. and Mrs. J. Capelovitch, Mr. and Mrs. A. Rosenthal, Misses Hilda Raven, S. Rubman, Hilda Selette, Anne Holzman, Ida Goldberg, Hilda Besser, Kitty Holzman, Bess Goldberg, Libby Morris, L. Shuster, A. Michaels, Rae Berlin, Evelyn Friedman, Fanny Gordon, E. Gantner, Mary Zackon, Gertrude Laiken, Anne Glazer, Miriam Blumer, Jessie Cotsen, Rose Goldenberg, Sara Goffman, Julia Blumenstein, S. Kauffman, J. Caplan, L. Freeman, Ethel Finkelstein, Sarah Levikoff, B. Indig, Evelyn Greenberg, Molly Miller, Bea Garelick, Sonia Baylin, Sally Peritz, Fay Shapiro, Sally Paperman, Frieda Cohen, Jean Manus, Anne Pearlman, Libby Berzan, Rose Gottlieb, Jean Uditsky, Rose Berlin, Lil Fugel, Florence Grossman, Teddy Engelstein, Anne Malamud, Gussie Amsel, Tess Berzan, Leah Selette, Libby Selinger, Minnie Herman, H. Miller, Jean Segal, L. Goodfader, Diana Lazare, Ella Baum, Bertha Gruman, Anne Guttman, Sylvia Lands, Betty Gotthell, Marie Mallas, Rose Steinberg, Rose Levitsky, Lea Zalmanovitch, Miss Caplan, Miss Margolick, Beatrice Saxe, Lily Greenberg, Brenda Schwartz, Lucy Spiesman, Thelma Levitt, Esther Dorfman, Belle Levine, Jennie Z. Kalman, Jane Bress, Pauline Issenman, Miss Lazare, Sarah Cohen, Sally Lonn, Anne Liffshitz, Jean Spigelman, Gertrude Guttman; and Pater Rubman, Moe Tesher, Dave Randolph, Sam Gruman, Ben M. Michaels, Charles Lewis, J. Sager, Louis Shattner, Dave Greene, H. Lonn, Joseph Frank, Jack Bruck, L. Shiff, J. Wiener, E. Davids, Irving Vosko, Aaron Goldberg, E. O. Friedman, Sam Krasnow, Louis Schecter, Joe Abramovitch, Sam Gelfand, A. Mendelsohn, S. Mallek, D. Miller, M. Herman, A. J. Fert, H. Litwack, S. Abrams, Joe Richer, J. A. Bercovitch, Mac J. Cohen, Moe Lipschitz, B. Hamert, Syd Drimer, Louis Gelfand, A. N. Silver, Jack Cohen, Ben Herman, Lou Kaufman, Louis Littner, James Brotman, Mac Berlin, Syd Oelbaum, Hy Heft, Ben Horwitz, Jack Barsha, Sam Kesler, Moe Amsel, Phil Cohen, A. P. Cohen, Louis Capelovitch, Joe Elieson, H. Rabin, Myer Mendelsohn, M. Goodfader, J. Rosse, H. L. Gordon, N. Weininger, Dave Gross, Sam Lazarus, A. M. Maron, Dave Cracower, Harry Oelbaum, Herbert S. Ekers, Dave Steinberg, H. S. Davis, Joe Caplan, Frank Margolick, Al Osnes, Sam Shousterman, Sam Berlin, Sol Shulman, Jack Rubin, I. H. Levitt, Irving Wexler, Louis Jason, Harry Jason, S. Morris, H. P. Rapman, Joe Israel, V. Deckelbaum, M. Regenstrief, Sol Lonn, H. M. Dubnitsky, Ben Spigelman, I. Messinger, S. L. Mendelsohn, Max M. Krasnow.

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Mr. and Mrs. D. Baskin were dinner hosts Tuesday, October 14, in honor of Miss Freda Myers, a bride-elect of November, and Miss Lily Taub, a bride-elect of December. Miss Bertha Myers, Mrs. G. Myers, Anne Baskin, Mr. and Mrs. I. Luke; George Kravitz, Moe Burdman, Manuel Myers, Louis Myers and Harry Baskin were guests.

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Mrs. A. Keller, of New York, is visiting her mother, Mrs. L. Marcus, Querbes Avenue.

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Mrs. A. Hahamovitch, 679 Querbes Avenue, entertained at bridge, October 12, in honor of Mrs. A. Keller of New York, welcoming Mr. and Mrs. I. N. Knight, Mr. and Mrs. H. Rosenberg, Mr. and Mrs. H. Cohen, Mr. and Mrs. S. Cohen, Mr. and Mrs. N. Wexler, Mr. and Mrs. R. Singer, Mr. and Mrs. M. Leibovitch, Mr. and Mrs. H. Marcovitch, Mr. and Mrs. E. Lupu Mesdames A. Sigler, J. Schwartz, of New York, Misses Anne Goldstein, Ray Goldstein and B. Knight. Prizes won by Miss B. Knight, Mesdames J. Schwartz and H. Marcovitch. The guest of honor was presented with a gift. Mrs. J. Schwartz and Miss Sylvia Hahamovitch played the piano.

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Mrs. J. Schwartz, of New York, is visiting Mrs. L. Marcus, Querbes Avenue.

Young Judaea

Mrs. Mildred Kahn is Director of the Dramatic Circle of Montreal Young Judaea. First meeting Monday, October 20th. 8.30 p.m. The Novelty Booth in Hadassah's annual bazaar is in the charge of Miss Goldie Yellin. J. Messing of the Knights of Balfour has donated a 14 carat gold medal to the boy who sells the most tickets. Young Judaea membership campaign will be launched Sunday, October 19. Members will visit Talmud Torahs and Sunday Schools and explain the activities of Young Judaea. First Young Judaea-Y.M.H.A. open forum meeting, Friday November 7, at 8.30, in the Y.M.H.A. hall. Louis Fitch, K.C., will speak. Public invited. Leader's Council met Thursday, October 16 at 8.30 p.m. B. Caplan, President of the local movement, spoke on "Zionism at the Crossroads." M. Garmaise, gave his Supervisor's report. Sunday, October 12, the Knights of Balfour, under the chairmanship of H. Hockenstein, held a literary meeting, to which members of other Judaean groups were invited. Programme: discussion of Judaism by J. Messing; the "Extended Jewish Agency," H. Goldenberg. E. Berger, Chairman of the Literary Committee, announced that he would donate a gold medal to the one the club voted as the most valuable literary member of the year. M. Rodner, and J. Messing are chairmen of the Social and Athletic Committee, respectively. Present were P. Garoose, J. Bernstein, J. Lipson, L. Lecker. Miss B. Koslov is leader of the Radiance of Zion, whose program was a short biography of "Sholom Aleichem", followed by a reading. Discussion on the subject: "What is a Good Jew?" Present were Misses Lily Zelman, Dora Shulman, Mollie Katzoff, Bessie Andrashnik, and Ida Elenbogen. A new club under the leadership of Miss Goldie Yellin met for the first time Sunday, October 12. Mr. Garmaise outlined, the meaning of Young Judaea. Present were Misses Ruble Kabinovitch, Annette Kahn, Jaqueline Blaustein, Miriam Blaustein, and Lillian Rothman. Miss Fanny Ballnsky is leader of the Pearl Heller Circle. President is Miss Bernice Lerner; Vice-President, Miss Bertha Weiser; Secretary, Miss Hilda Yosipovitch; Treasurer, Miss Nettie Takefman. Social Committee: Misses Sarah Shapiro, Gertrude Silverman, Sophie Gordon, Sarah Lapin, Maisie Holtzman, Lily Silverman, Beatrice Black, Sophie Schwartz. Knights of Judaea, Intermediates, met under the leadership of B. Caplan who spoke on the "Jewish Youth Movement." Present: Joe Abugov, Melvin Friedman, Sol Botler, Leonard Lieffer, Arthur Friedman.

To what do the counsels of age, with respect to pleasure, amount? They may all be comprised in few words—not to hurt ourselves, and not to hurt others by our pursuit of pleasure; and these will be fully effected by temperance. Within these bounds pleasure is lawful, beyond them it becomes criminal.—Dr. Blair.

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Engagements

Mr. and Mrs. J. Steinberg, Elm Avenue, Westmount, announce the engagement of their daughter, Rose, to Herbie Saul Ekers, only son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Ekers.

Mrs. S. Fligel announces the engagement of her youngest daughter, Rose, to Samuel Sheiner, son of Mr. and Mrs. I. Sheiner.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Pinsky, Querbes Avenue, Outremont, announce the engagement of their youngest daughter, Rema (Sadie) to Dr. C. Tauer, son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Tower, Prud'homme Avenue. Wedding to take place November 25 at the home of the bride's parents.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Kahan, of Brooklyn, N.Y., announce the engagement of their daughter, Luba Kahan, to George, son of Mrs. A. Gelgoot and the late A. Gelgoot.

Mr. and Mrs. David Buckman announce the engagement of their daughter, Pearl, to Louis, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Steinman. Marriage takes place December 21.

Rev. and Mrs. H. Rothblatt announce the engagement of their daughter, Rose, to Max, son of Mr. and Mrs. B. Rosen.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Victor, announce the engagement of their only daughter, Ruth, to Myer D. Zurif.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Chazan, Esplanade Avenue, announce the engagement of their niece, Miss Bessie Grossman, to Joe, only son of Mr. and Mrs. B. Cutler.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Sandys announce the engagement of their daughter, Rose, to Louis, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Slatkoff.

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Approaching Marriages

Mr. and Mrs. C. Kalman announce the approaching marriage of their daughter, Jennie Zelda, to Louis Jason, son of Mrs. L. Jason, which takes place December 17, at the Place Viger Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Horowitz announce the approaching marriage of their only daughter, Sarah Bertha, to Sol, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Guttman. Wedding takes place December 14.

Deaths

Esther Fine, wife of Jacob Bernstein, who died Friday, October 10, after a long illness at the age of 61, leaves her husband, four sons, Lew, Herman, Abe and Reuben, and two daughters, Fanny and Victoria, all of this city; two brothers, Morris Fine, of London, England, and Wolf Fine, of Chicago; and two sisters, Mrs. Anna Schneider and Mrs. Silka Ornstein, of London, England. Mrs. Bernstein belonged to Chevra Kadisha Synagogue, Talmud Torah and Bikur Cholilm Society, was a resident of this city for very many years, and for 23 years lived in London, Eng. Burial took place from her residence, 3581 Jeanne Mance Street, to the Chevra Kadisha Cemetery.

IN MEMORIAM

Pomerance: In loving memory of our dear brother, Moe, who passed away October 6, 1925.

In our lonely hours of thinking,
Thoughts of you are always near,
We who loved you, miss you sadly,
As it dawns another year.

Sadly missed by mother, sisters and brothers.

Born

To Mr. and Mrs. Michael S. Miller, (née Molly Becker) at the Royal Victoria Maternity Hospital, October 9, a son.

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Services Friday, October 17th, at 8:15, Organ recital by George M. Brewer, F.A.G.O. at 8. Sermon: "The Story of Creation — Fact or Friction." (At this season of the year the historic synagogue begins to read the Torah anew, and attention is drawn to the story of Genesis.) Saturday services at 11 a.m. Sermonette in observance of "Boy's Day" in the synagogue.

Registration and formal opening of the College of Jewish Studies for its third Season, Monday, October 20th, at 8 p.m. An assembly of all students and instructors will take place in the Lecture Hall of the Temple. Rabbi Stern, Principal of the School, will preside. Programme: Greetings in behalf of the Faculty, Rabbi Julius Berger. In behalf of the Board of Governors, Nathan Gordon, K.C.; In behalf of the Student Body, David Jassby. Half hour sessions will follow the Assembly. Election. All courses in the College are open to the general public for their cultural and instructional value.

Sisterhood Study Circle first session Saturday, October 18th, at 10 a.m. prior to Sabbath Services in the Temple. This Study Group, under the leadership of Rabbi Stern, will meet every Sabbath morning to discuss current Jewish events and present-day Jewish problems. Mrs. J. P. Levee and Mrs. Aron Schwartz are in charge of the "Study Circle." The Sisterhood held a Keno party last Monday afternoon, October 13th, in the Temple House. The convenors

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in charge were Mesdames M. Margolick, J. Roston and Louis Wolfe.

School of Religion faculty meeting was held last Wednesday evening, October 15th, in the Temple House, under the chairmanship of Arthur S. Jacobs, Superintendent.

Last Sunday Morning in the Junior Assembly, Miss Estelle Blumenthal presented the ethical lesson. The first High School Assembly for the Season will be held Sunday morning, October 26th. Lawrence Marks, and members of his class will be in charge. The School Library is open every Sunday between 11:30 and 12:30.

The Haftorah Club in charge of the Junior Congregational Services on Sabbath mornings is again being organized. Officers are: President, Kenneth Van Geun; Vice-President, Lloyd Stern.

The Brotherhood's Automobile raffle for a Chevrolet Car which was to have taken place October 15th has been postponed until November 19th.

The following new families who have joined the Temple: A. Sand, Percy G. Hyman, Joseph Simpson, Joseph Jacoby, Gene Kruger, H. Grover, Stanley Lewis Felson, Mrs. B. Kert, D. E. Markson, Mrs. Rose Goldstein, Harry Kohn, Leon E. Lighter, A. C. Mailman.

Rabbi Stern will address the Toronto Federation Banquet Sunday, October 26th. Among other engagements are: Union Congregational Church, Montreal; Men's Club of St. Barnabus Church, St. Lambert, Que.; Central Y.M.C.A.

Shaare Zion Congregation, Claremont Avenue, below Sherbrooke Street. Rabbi Julius Berger.

Sunday afternoon, October 12th., in the Congregational Sukkah, all pupils of the Sunday Religious School were entertained by the Sisterhood. Those in charge were Mesdames A. Schachter, M. Tennenhouse, N. Shaer, B. Goldenberg, M. Shatsky, M. Taub, D. Dalys, B. Bernard. Others present were Mesdames D. Cummings, M. Kirsh, J. Feinbrook and L. Stober. Rabbi J. Berger, D. Cummings, B. Goldenberg, and Mrs. A. Fine spoke.

Men's Club met in the Rabbi's study Thursday, October 10th, at 8.30 p.m. Those present were B. Goldenberg in the chair; Rabbi J. Berger, J. Josefo, B. Kaufman, and M. Frank These literary meetings will be held in December, February and April respectively, and three social gatherings in November, January and March.

Sisterhood met last Thursday afternoon, October 10th, at the home of Mrs. J. Cohen, 808 Cote St. Antoine Road. Mrs. A. Fine, President, was in the chair. Rabbi Berger spoke on "Congregation Spirit", Among those present were: Mesdames I. Abrams, P. Braunstein, E. Schwartz, C. Caplin, S. Clark, D. Dalys, A. Fine, J. Feinbrook, A. Goodman, M. Gross, George Issenman, M. Kirsh, M. A. Pierce, D. Weissman, M. Taub, M. Shatsky, and M. Tennenhouse, M. Shikeransky, N. Shaer, B. Bernard, M. R. Crelinstein.

Boy's Day in the Synagogue is October 18h.

The Congregation extends its sympathy to A. Bieber in the recent bereavement of his wife.

Shaar Hashomayim, Rabbi Herman Abramowitz, Cote St. Antoine Road, Corner Kensington.

Friday services at 5 p.m. Sabbath Services at 9 a.m. Reading from the Torah: Genesis. Chap. 1, verse 1 to Chap. 6, verse 8. Reading from the Prophets: Isaiah, Chap. 42, verse 5

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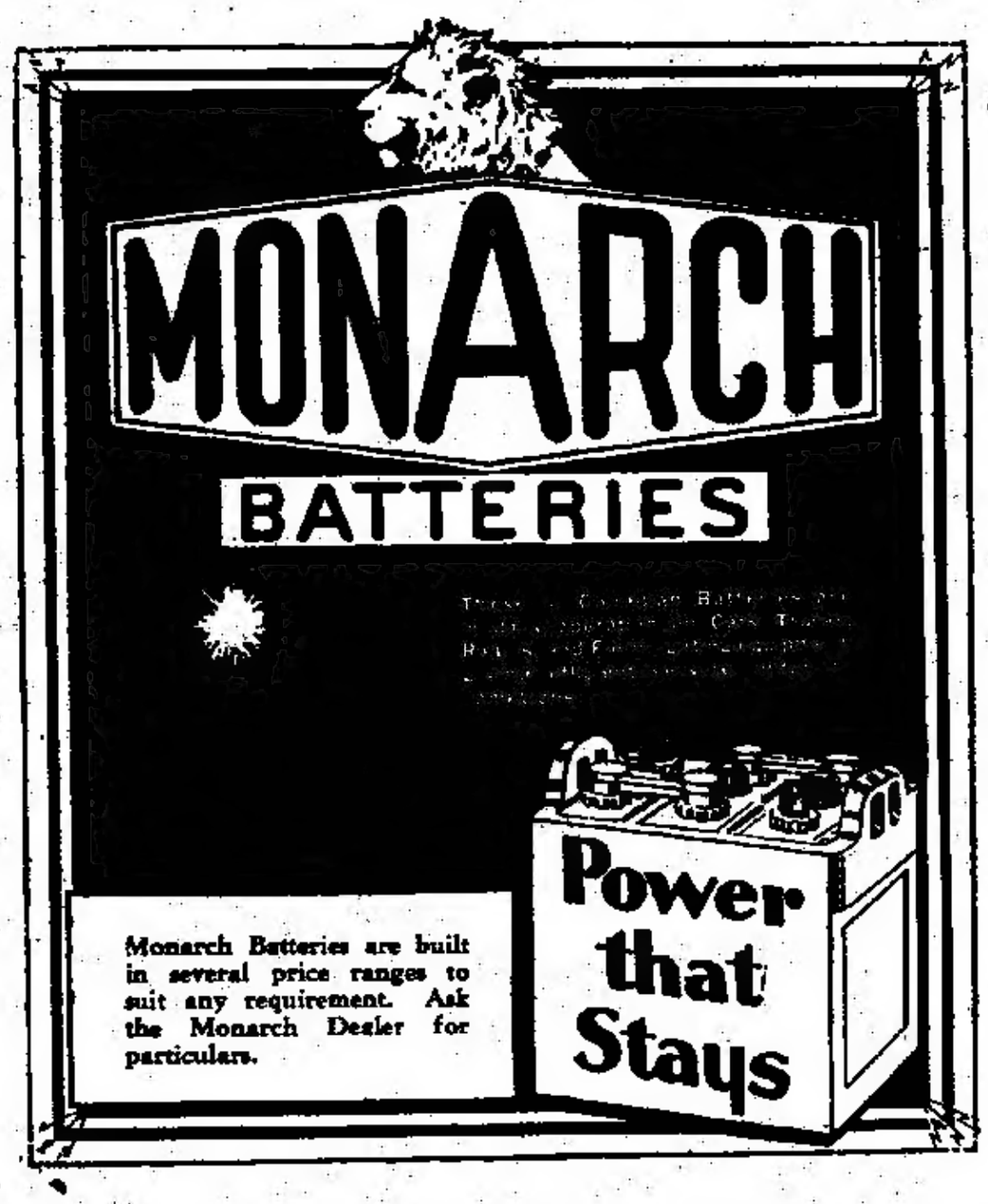
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F. F. Cohen, *Editor.*
Contributing Editors
Rabbi Maurice N. Eisendrath Rabbi Harry J. Stern.

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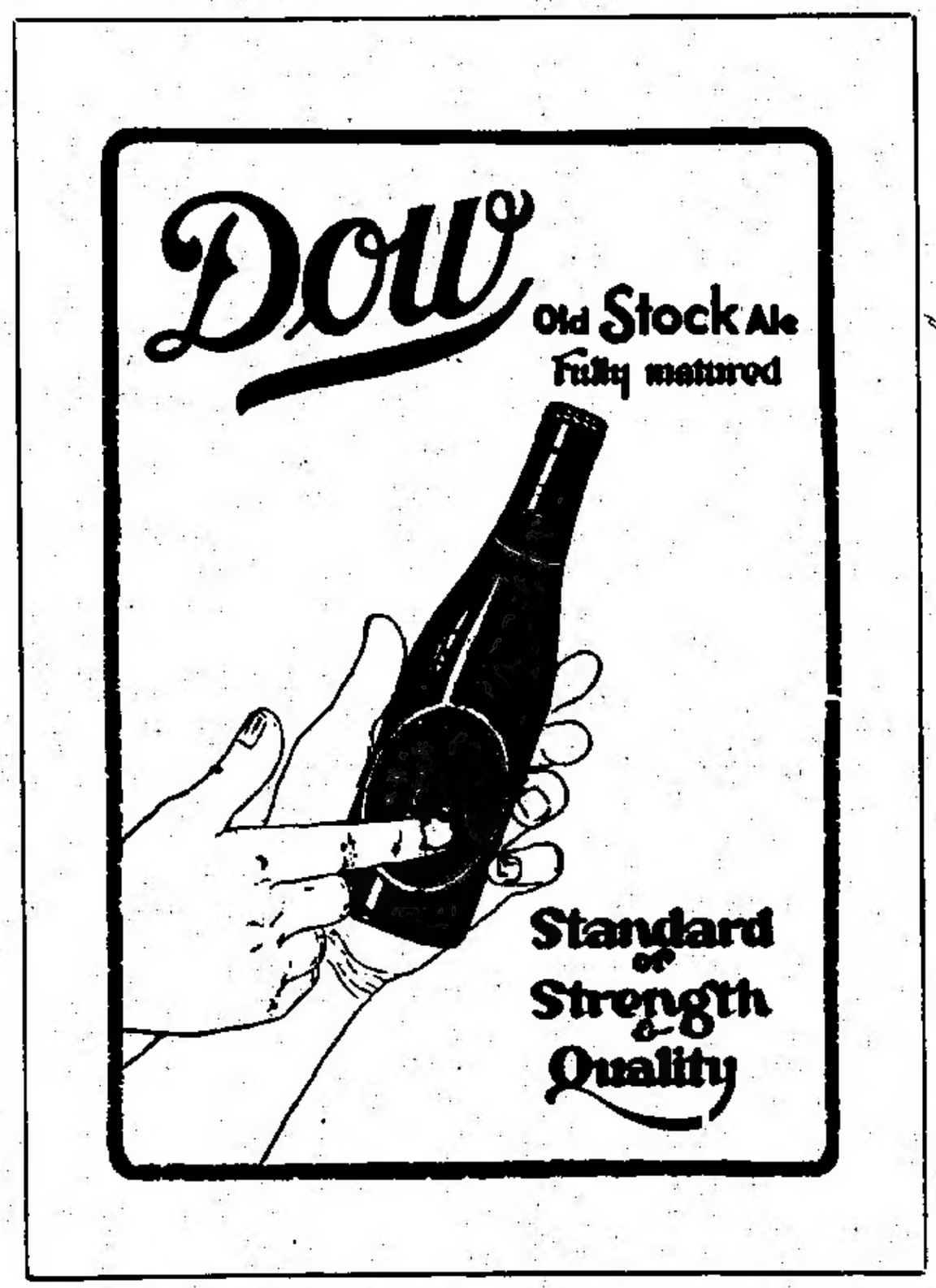
OCTOBER 17, 1930 VOLUME XI, NUMBER 52



to Chap. 43, verse 10. Maariv at 5. Mincha at 5.30. Next Friday evening services at 5.

The New Moon of Heshvan will be blessed this Sabbath and takes place on Wednesday and Thursday of this coming week.

Arthur Kirsch, son of Mr. and Mrs. David Kirsch, will this Saturday morning be called to the Reading of the Law, in celebration of his bar-mitzvah.

Opening Junior Congregation services this coming Saturday at 10 a.m. in the Beth Hamidrash (Kensington Avenue entrance).

Women's Auxiliary meets Wednesday, October 29th, at 3 p.m. in the Auxiliary Room of the Synagogue (Cote St. Antoine Entrance). Speaker, Dr. Harold Segall, on "Work, Play and Rest in Our Every Day Life."

Hebrew Ladies' Sewing Society meets Tuesday, October 21st, at 2 p.m.

The Young People's Society meets Wednesday, October 22nd, at 8 p.m. in the Board Room of the Synagogue. Election.

Beth David Congregation, 422 St. Joseph Blvd. West, Outremont. Rabbi S. Herschorn.

The Sisterhood met Thursday, October 9. Rabbi Herschorn spoke on "Succoth". Mrs. M. Ruckenstein, was hostess. Mrs. Peretz donated the raffle which was won by Mrs. D. Steinberg, who returned it to be raffled again.

Sermon "Genesis and Moderism," October 18, by Rabbi Herschorn. Junior Beth David, first service, Saturday, October 18.

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CHAPTER 1

Mark Morgenthal, despite his air of half-sleepy indolence, always dominated a scene. This morning, sauntering at the head of his family into the lobby of the Saint Augustine hotel, he had straightway taken possession of the establishment. The manager lingered over each word in his obsequious speech of welcome as if it held a special savor, acted indeed like a faithful steward delivering up to his returned master the key of the castle. As a matter of fact, the key that dangled from his right hand did unlock the most expensive suite in the hotel; but other men besides Morgenthal had occupied that particular suite and had been ushered into it with a mere sober politeness. Morgenthal, however, had about him the despot's easy grace. Even in New York, the moment he appeared on the threshold of a hotel dining-room, the head-waiter stood bowing before him. Without any bully bluster, he casually exacted homage.

Morgenthal had long been a familiar figure in Florida. In the days before the state had grown self-conscious and aggressively modern, he had spent a considerable part of every winter in Saint Augustine or Jacksonville; but with the launching of the Flagler railroads, the disorderly golden age had begun to tarnish, the interest of Morgenthal and the other pioneer millionaires to fade.

Since his marriage, Morgenthal had spent most of his holidays abroad. Occassionally he returned to Florida: sometimes for a few days in the company of a pretty woman; sometimes for a week of fishing up a favorite creek of his youth, where the alligators still sweltered in muddy drunken content on the rotting logs, where the Spanish moss and the moccasin snakes still hung down from the trees, as if undisturbed since the last intrusion of his steam-launch. He had retained a certain sluggish fondness for Florida; from the moment he set foot on it, it could induce in him a mood of mellow rumination. Not till this year, however, had he made the visit with his family. He had disliked the idea of turning loose on the playground of his past the substantial forces of the present. It had struck him as a grotesque anachronism that his wife and children, along with maids and nurses and an eminently proper governess, should ever invade this particular spot. The mere thought of it had jarred his sense of decent fitness.

With unruffled graciousness, however, he had bowed to the inevitable. His wife had had a grave illness in New York; when she partially recovered, the doctors prescribed three months in Florida. Morgenthal had at once wired to the Ponce de Leon for accommodations. At the head of the tribal procession he stood to-day, his head drooped to one side, his eyes lazily quizzical, and listened to the greeting of Mr. Chamberlain, the manager.

Set down in the midst of the overripe Moorish splendors of the hotel lobby, the Morgenthal group presented a charming picture; they somehow made the place look prematurely dingy. Mrs. Morgenthal, on the arm of a trained nurse, smiled in polite friendliness at the manager as he shook hands with her three children. An impressive woman, remote and enigmatic, she was yet neither indifferent nor forbidding. Though oppressed by some secret perplexity, she never quite withdrew out of the range of ordinary human intercourse. With a still sagacity, she watched over her children; usually gentle and tolerant and amused, she could on occasion be stern. By a single peremptory gesture, by a long and unswerving glance into big black eyes, she could quell almost at the source every outburst of young impudence. Very tall, rigidly straight, she compelled respect; to her friends and servants alike, it would have seemed a rank disloyalty to pity her. Her illness, a stroke of paralysis, had left her slightly lame. Her face was still hand-

LODGE GIVES STAG

The Syracuse Lodge Number 9, Knights of Pythias, gave a stag at Miller's Restaurant, Metcalfe Street, Saturday night, October 11, in honor of Abe I. Schacter, whose marriage to Miss Freda Kanigsberg takes place Sunday, October 19. Dr. H. H. Lank and M. H. Franklin were toastmasters. A Mendelman and A. M. Machlovitch were in charge of the stag which was attended by Percy Caplan, Joe Rosenthal, Nathan Schacter, Isidore Cohen, Moses Maplin, Louis Rosenfeld, Ben Saposnick, Ben Vineberg, Isidore Sternthal, Sam Adelson, Sam Sax, L. Leibovitch, I. Kraminer, J. S. Caplan, H. Rosenberg, Peter Adler, Dave Schacter, J. S. Shapiro and M. A. Schacter. The guest of honor was presented with a purse of gold.

AUXILIARY PLANS BENEFIT DANCE

Dinah Lily Caplan Auxiliary met with the Young Hebrew Malbish Arumim Society Thursday evening, October 9th to plan a dance for November 6th. This 4th annual dance will be held at the Venetian Gardens. Proceeds go to clothe hundreds of poor Jewish children twice annually. Tickets or information from Misses Rose Silverman, Crescent 8569; Anita Kovshoff Crescent 2278, or Sarah Miller, Walnut 5433-W.

MONTREAL HADASSAH

Rebecca Berger Chapter will meet at the home of Mrs. A. Goldner, 5443 Brodeur Avenue, Monday, October 20, at 3.15 p.m.

Central Chapter of Hadassah opening meeting at the home of Mrs. H. Packer, 267 De l'Epee Avenue, Monday, October 20, at 8 p.m. Dr. Norman Vineberg will speak on "The Problems of Womenhood." Friends invited.

Lillian Frieman Chapter of Hadassah met Wednesday evening, October 8, at the home of Mrs. B. Salmonovitz, 87 Desprairies Street. Mrs. M. Rosenstein, President, presided. A silent tribute was paid to the memory of Mrs. G. Ein, Mrs. Salok and Mrs. Miller, senior. Plans were discussed for the Balfour bridge and bazaar. Mrs. M. Lax is convenor for the Bazaar and Mrs. L. Cherry is convenor for the bridge. Mesdames A. Weiner and F. Charron are convenors for selling tickets uptown and Mrs. O. Miller for downtown. Mrs. B. Salmonovitz and Mrs. Fish are on the admission committee. Donations towards the bazaar came in from: Mrs. M. Rosenstein, $5.; Mrs. M. Pollack, $5.; Mrs. D. Smith, $5. and Mrs. S. Dorfman. Mrs. O. Fish offered her home for the next meeting. Tea was served.

some, the somber eyes sunk between lids that had the massive perfect modeling of sculpture; the nose-bone proudly curved, tense as bent steel; the chin short and jutting. The muscles in her right cheek had stiffened, catching down her eyebrow and tugging at the corner of her mouth; but these marks of her infirmity, far from disfiguring her, heighted her strange charm. Before Morgenthal married her, he had judged that she was dedicated to suffering, that her untouched beauty needed marring and ravaging to reach completion; she had been his wife for twelve years now and events had proved him a shrewd prophet.

Resting against her nurse and ruffling up the black curls of her oldest child, Mrs. Morgenthal silently looked on at the little reception that the manager tendered the youngsters.

Morton, the younger boy, had as usual been the one to break the ranks. He had cast an oblique glance at a nearby mirror, found his handsome image quite to his satisfaction, then advanced airily upon Mr. Chamberlain, his right hand outstretched. "Good morning," he proffered with loud ringing assurance and a bold smile designed to put the man at his ease. Morton's swagger was not the swagger of other little boys; it did not serve to disguise embarrassment under a show of jauntiness. It had been rehearsed behind closed doors till it had ripened into an art. A sleek tight-skinned child, he had by some physiological freak been endowed with hips and flanks of almost womanish plumpness; these he had schooled himself to manipulate with a voluptuous grace.

"It's a beautiful day, isn't it?" he continued, indicating by his tone that he didn't, as a general rule, descend to platitudes about the weather. His smile conveyed to the manager a hint that later on, when they knew each other better, they'd have racier topics to discuss.

Mr. Chamberlain, a bit taken aback by the suave self-possession of this ten-year-old boy, agreed that the day *was* fine. Morton, courteously silent for a moment, gave his new acquaintance the chance to say something intelligent, something that would round off the introduction in a civilized way; but the man did not rise to the occasion. Since the pause threatened to stretch to an awkward length, Morton cut the interview short by a patronizing bow and a flouncing right-about-face. Then, suddenly conscious that his mother's grave critical eyes were upon him, he composed his gait to one of sober modesty and, over his right shoulder, flashing a disarming smile at the manager.

Jessica, the little girl, strode martially into the breach. In bluff good-fellowship, she wrung Mr. Chamberlain's hand. "Hello!" She struck a note that, though indisputably brusque, was in no sense rude or pushing. Since, to her obvious regret, she happened to be a female child, she made a perfunctory show of dropping a curtesy. To her, it was a silly and humiliating performance, this business of bending her knee and ducking her head. To her great joy, she discovered that very night that her mother agreed with her. This, as it turned out, was her last genuflection outside of dancing-school. A square sturdy child, with the swing of a swash-buckler, she sized up people at first sight as potential friends or enemies. Today she decided right off that Mr. Chamberlain was a good sort. She never wasted her words; so, after the short salutation, she promptly returned to the side of her governess. She and the manager were henceforth staunch allies.

George, the oldest child, had made no attempt to meet Mr. Chamberlain halfway. He had stood in front of his mother, his curly head thrown back and his eyes following the intricacies of the carving on a heavy cornice opposite to him. He was feeling glumly resentful at the slipshod manner in which the reception had been conducted. A fierce little stickler for his rights, he considered that the manager had bungled this affair; it would have been easy enough to push Morton and Jessica aside and to shake hands with him first. Thus to bring up the rear of the family procession pricked George's pride. "I'm the oldest and *he* knows it," he kept protesting to himself.

To Morgenthal and his wife, their oldest child had always been a subject of cautious and painstaking study.

Morton and Jessica had long ago grown tough protective carapaces; whatever sensitiveness they still possessed had withdrawn to the innermost recesses of their beings and reposed there, proof against all but the deftest probings. It took time to locate a nerve in either of them; it required a nice aim to impale it and set it throbbing. George, however, was a mere quivering mass of vulnerable tissue, like a crustacean with the shell wrenched off. Every unintentional slight inflicted a wound; but, since he was eleven years old now, he could not soothe his hurt feelings by blubbering. Sulkiness was his only defense. Even the boy's wise and watchful mother was often at a loss to account for his sudden fits of wretchedness. Morton and Jessica disgustedly turned their backs on him the moment he began, for no apparent reason, to glower at them. "He's off again," they would confide to each other. "Better leave him alone." Whereupon they would pucker up their faces in wry imitation of the scapegrace and give vent to snickers that, most skilfully pitched, just failed to reach their brother's ears. Those pointed faun-like ears of his were forever perked to catch the faintest vibrations of ridicule in the air. Morton and Jessica had learned that it didn't pay to let their sarcastic mockery carry too far. It was one of the rigid rules of the Morgenthal household that George should never be laghed at. If you were caught disobeying that edict, you were punished severely.

Mrs. Morgenthal had at one time attempted to develop in George a healthy sense of humor at his own expense; delicately she would draw his obscure and outlandish grievances out of him and explain that they really wouldn't bear critical scrutiny. Wasn't it the sensible policy, after all, to have a good hearty laugh over the whole business? Just he and she, of course —they'd never admit the others into the secret, **never hint in** public they could let down on their dignity. But poor George had been unable to hold up his end of the little game. He took himself with lugubrious solemnity. It struck him as a violation of sanctuary that even his mother should hale his problems out into the open and poke fun at them. He had soon grown suspicious and distant. Mrs. Morgenthal had therefore given up her plan of tactful cajolery.

To George, Mr. Chamberlain's disregard of etiquette this morning constituted a serious offense. When the manager had at last paused before him, he submitted a somewhat limp and unresponsive right hand. He had determined to be polite but at the same time to indicate by a certain reserve that his attitude was not entirely favorable. It was no light task to compress so much subtle significance into the expression of an eleven-year-old face. Moreover, it was George's misfortune that, in all his dealings with grown-up strangers, gloomy embarrassment soon swamped every other sensation. Under Mr. Chamberlain's sunny glance, he had grown confused and hot. The discreet snub he had intended was quite lost on the manager, who showed only an indulgent pity for this good-looking shy hobbledehoy. George, as he retreated from the brief encounter, knew to his chagrin that Mr. Chamberlain was going to treat him in future with a mingled charity and condescension.

Still, though George had failed to acquit himself with honor, there was a balm for him in the gallant show the family made that morning: his mother, so quiet and stately in her traveling-dress and velvet bonnet (a "Madame Donovan creation," Morton had told the other children; and Morton was already an authority on women's clothes); his father, handsome and sauve; the governess, the trained nurse, the maids, the parrot in his hooded cage; and there, on the outskirts,

(Continued on page 13)

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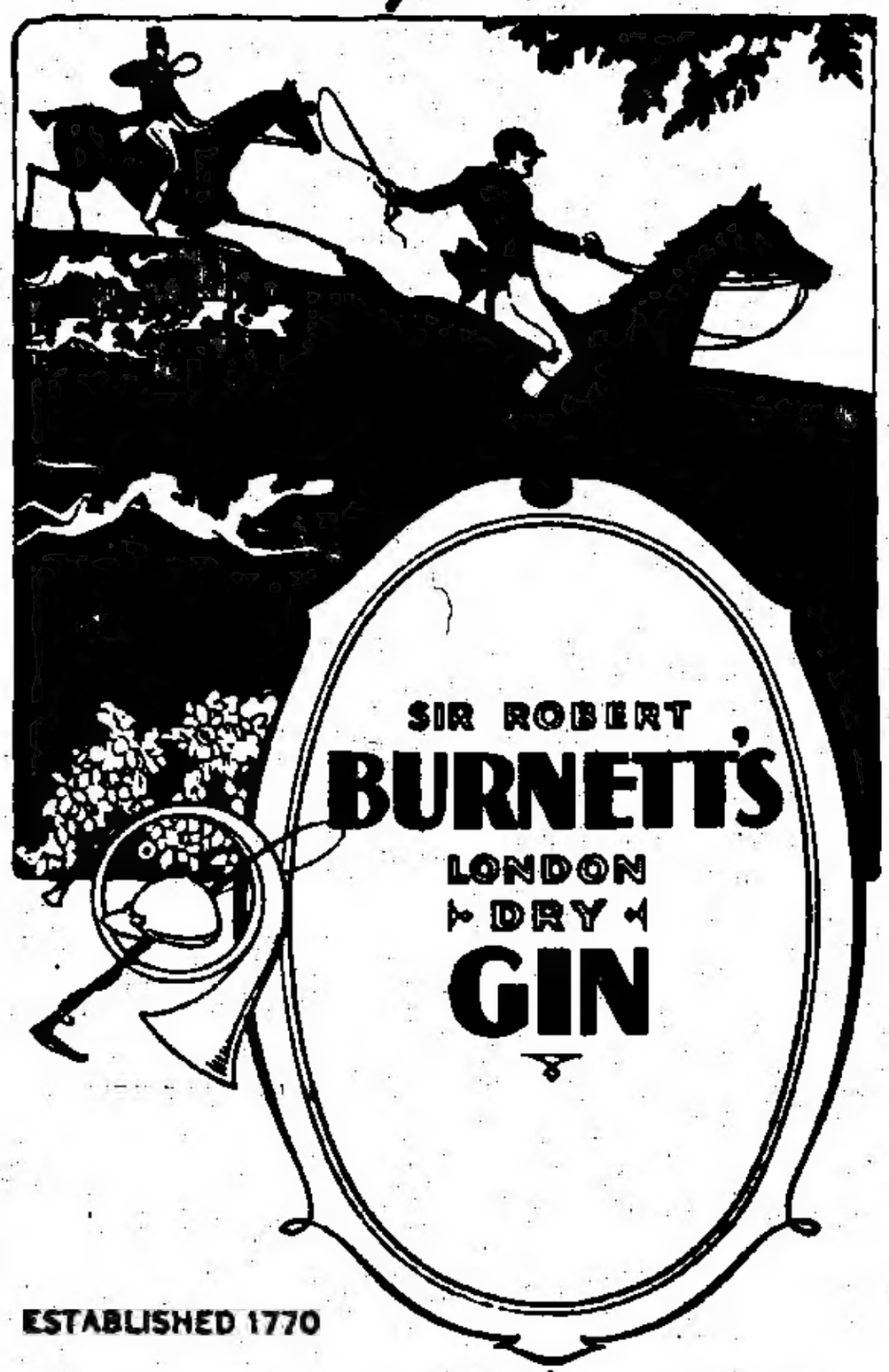

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ORGAN RECITAL

Dr. Louis Balogh will give an organ recital Sunday, October 19th, at 3:30 p.m. in St. Patrick's Church. His programme is an interesting one, including: Prelude and Fuge in C Minor; Aria in E Minor; Finale from the first organ Concerto by J. S. Bach; Vocal Number; "Cantate Domino," by Vincent D'Indy. Theme and Variations Op. 115 by M. E. Bossi; Vocal Number "Lord Most Holy" is from Dr. Balogh's pen. Andante Con Moto by Frank Bridge. Toccata in F Major by Thomas Crawford.

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Canadian Medical Association Health Service

HYGIENE OF THE NOSE

The nose has more than one important function. By warming or cooling the air we breathe, it adjusts it to the temperature of the body. At the same time, it moistens and filters the air. The nose is the organ into which drain the sinuses or bony cavities which lie adjacent to the nose. A large part of our sense of taste really is the sense of smell as received through the nose.

A healthy nose filters, warms and moistens the air before it reaches the lungs. If we breathe through our mouths, this control of the air is lost, and the air arrives inside of the body without the preparation it should have, and which it would have received had it been breathed in through a healthy nose.

The healthy nose does not need to be washed out. Indeed, there is some danger in the use of washes. The way to clean the nose is to blow it gently, one nostril at a time. If the nose is not healthy, then the use of sprays or drops is recommended by the physician to relieve the condition and to restore the nose to a healthy state in which it is best able to do its work and to cleanse itself without interference.

The two symptoms which most commonly occur and which indicate that there is something wrong with the nose are obstruction to breathing and excessive secretion from the nose.

When a child cannot breathe freely through the nose, he becomes a mouth-breather. This usually means that there are adenoids obstructing the nasal passage. Every child is born with some adenoid tissue at the upper and back part of the nose. If the adenoid tissue grows beyond a certain size, it obstructs nasal breathing and should be removed. In addition to obstructing breathing, it will very likely result in partial loss of hearing if not removed.

When we catch cold, the secretions of the nose are altered in a way with which we are all familiar. The cold is serious because it makes us miserable and interferes with our work. It is very serious when the germs responsible for the cold spread to other parts. If they spread into the sinuses connected with the nose, a yellowish secretion from the nose, after recovery from the cold, is a sign that one or other of the sinuses is affected.

Infected sinuses are serious even though they are draining freely and not causing any pain. Any collection of pus in the body is a focus which may undermine the general health and be responsibe for disease in other parts of the body. Such a focus of infection should be treated promptly.

Obstructed breathing should be corrected, because it is necessary for the promotion of health to breathe freely through the nose. Children who are mouth-breathers should be examined for adenoids, and these should be removed if they are found to be obstructing the nasal passage. Colds should be cared for in order to prevent the spread of infection throughout the body, and if the infection does spread into the sinuses, treatment should be secured soon even if there are no acute symptoms at the time.

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Date	Steamer	Destination: Via
Oct. 17	Athenia	Glasgow: Belfast, Liverpool
" 17	Duchess of Richmond	Liverpool: Glasgow
" 17	Ascania	London: Plymouth, Havre
" 18	Laurentic	Liverpool
" 20	Drottningholm	Gothenburg (from Halifax)
" 22	Empress of Scotland	Southampton: Cherbourg
" 24	Duchess of Atholl	Liverpool: Glasgow, Belfast
" 29	Montcalm	Antwerp: Cherbourg, Southampton
" 31	Ausonia	London: Plymouth, Havre
" 31	Duchess of Bedford	Liverpool: Glasgow
" 31	Letitia	Glasgow: Belfast, Liverpool

FROM NEW YORK

Oct. 18	Frederick VIII	Copenhagen: Christiansand, Oslo
" 18	Conte Grande	Genoa: Gibraltar, Naples
" 18	Drottningholm	Gothenburg
" 18	Rotterdam	Rotterdam: Plymouth, Boulogne
" 18	Milwaukee	Hamburg: Cobh: Cherbourg
" 18	Leviathan	Southampton: Cherbourg
" 18	Lapland	Liverpool: Boston, Cobh
" 18	Transylvania	Glasgow: Londonderry
" 18	Baltic	Liverpool: Cobh
" 18	Belgenland	Antwerp: Plymouth, Cherbourg
" 18	Minnekahda	London: Plymouth, Boulogne
" 22	Aquitania	Southampton: Cherbourg
" 22	President Roosevelt	Hamburg: Plymouth, Cherbourg
" 23	Sinaia	Marseilles: Providence, Las Palmas
" 23	Bergenfjord	Oslo: Bergen, Stavanger
" 23	Dresden	Bremen: Cobh, Cherbourg
" 23	New York	Hamburg: Cherbourg, Southampton
" 23	American Trader	London
" 24	Olympic	Southampton: Cherbourg
" 24	Pennland	Antwerp: Plymouth, Cherbourg
" 24	Caronia	London: Plymouth, Havre
" 24	Ile de France	Havre: Plymouth
" 25	Saturnia	Trieste: Cannes, Naples, Patras
" 25	Veendam	Rotterdam: Plymouth, Boulogne
" 25	Europa	Bremen: Cherbourg, Southampton
" 25	Cleveland	Hamburg: Boston, Cobh, Cherbourg
" 25	Ausonia	Liverpool: Belfast
" 25	Minnewaska	London: Cherbourg
" 25	Cedric	Liverpool: Boston, Galway, Cobh
" 29	Berengaria	Southampton: Cherbourg
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REALTY NEWS

P. R. Myers sold to S. P. Myers part of lot No. 184-8503, Notre Dame de Grace ward, wth buildings bearing the civic No. 814 fronting on Cote St. Antoine road, for $12,500 and other considerations.

S. A. Vineberg sold to Miss M. E. Hardy lot No. 162-264, Notre Dame de Grace ward, measuring 25 by 106 feet, with buildings bearing the civic No. 4381, fronting on Madison avenue, for $5,250.

Mrs. A. Kaplan sold to Mrs. M. Glanzer southeast part of lot No. 12-14-6 Laurier ward, measuring 25 by 110 feet, with buildings, bearing the civic Nos. 5650, 5652, fronting on Park avenue, for $2,000.

H. C. Sabloff sold to D. Kahansky lots Nos. 176-69-1, 2, Notre Dame de Grace ward, with buildings bearing the civic Nos. 2274 to 2278, fronting on Marcil avenue, for $12,500.

Mrs. H. C. Sabloff sold to D. Kahansky lots Nos. 379-9, 10, city of Westmount, measuring 25 x 110 feet, with buildings, bearing the civic Nos. 4126 to 4134, frontink on St. Catherine street, for $30,000.

D. Kahansky sold to Mrs. H. Sabloff lots Nos. 38-448, 449, city of Outremont, measuring 27 x 100 feet, with buildings bearing the civic No. 1365 (apartment house), fronting on Van Horne avenue, for $85,000.

Mrs. M. Rosen sold to J. W. Haymard lot No. 733 St. Louis Ward, measuring 3,822 feet, with buildings 1659 to 1669 Sanguinet street, for $10,000 and other considerations.

Mrs. J. Mock es al sold to Miss C. Leibling northwest half of lot No. 12-11-31 Laurier Ward, measuring 25 x 110 feet, with buildings 2227 to 2231 Hutchison street, for $12,000.

Mrs. M. Chait sold to V. Bourbonnais lot No. 11-1517, northeast part of 11-1518, southwest part of 1518 St. John ward, measuring 48 x 80 feet, with buildings bearing the civic Nos. 119 to 135, fronting on Mozart street, for $13,000.

Growing Pains
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School Issue is Being Negotiated

Negotiations are still proceeding between the Montreal Protestant School Commission and the Montreal Jewish School Commission, according to the intention of the legislation enacted at the last session of the Legislature. The negotiations are proceeding in friendly manner. Ex-Ald. J. A. Mathewson, chairman of the Montreal Protestant Commission, and Peter Bercovitch, M.L.A. for St. Louis, Montreal, both referred to the hopes of an amicable arrangement being reached.

In virtue of the Act of last session, the Jewish Commission, "instead of establishing separate schools for the education of children professing the Jewish faith in a locality thus erected into a school municipality for persons of that faith, may enter into an arrangement with any other board of school commissioners or school trustees having jurisdiction in the same locality, for the education of such Jewish children in the schools controlled by such other board, provided that all such arrangements shall be subject to the approval of the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council on the recommendation of the Superintendent of Education."

Failure to enter into a contract before April 1, 1931, means creation of a Jewish school system under the Act.

It is pointed out, however, that the reaching of an agreement will not do away with the Jewish Commission, since they would become contracting parties to the contract, consequently an agreement does not mean repealing the Act of last session, though some of the clauses in that Act would automatically become non-operative through lack of need.

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JEWISH LITERARY MEETING

Publication of the Canadian Jewish Year Book this session was looked for by Dr. A. Bercovitch, president of the Jewish Literary and Historical Society of Canada, Incorporated, who spoke at a meeting of the society in the Mount Royal Hotel Sunday afternoon, October 12.

Readings by the Jewish poets, Ida Massey and Gottlieb, Russian songs presented by Miss Mae Slovan, accompanied by Miss Vera Black, and readings by Miss Rose Applebaum, were on the program which included a critical discussion of Ludwig Lewisohn.

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MONTREAL COMMUNITY INVITED

COMMENTARIES

By Rabbi HARRY J. STERN, *of Montreal,*
Associate Contributing Editor

FACT OR FICTION?

This Sabbath we commence reading the Torah anew, and once again our attention is drawn to the Story of Creation. Is this story to be considered Fact or Fiction?

There is no doubt that the Creation Story of Genesis is based on similar but exceedingly older stories of the beginning of things found in Babylonian and other Oriental literatures. In the childhood of the human race the question—"How did the world come into being?"—was a vexing one, and stories were fashioned giving explanations to this question.

The Creation Stories in Genesis (there are two different accounts) are legends with a definite ethical lesson. They indicate that God is the Creator, that the world is good, that the Sabbath should be consecrated. Genesis is not the story of how the world began; it is rather the story of how man *began to think* about the origin of the world.

What a pity that so much effort has been wasted on the part of many in the attempt to reconcile Genesis with the laws of modern science. For the most part, the harmonization between them has been forced, artificial and futile, and the foolish reconciliations are caused by a wrong attitude towards the Scriptures.

The Bible is a book of Religion and not a text-book of science. It is not a text-book on Anatomy, Geology or Geography. The Bible is primarily the book that deals with spiritual values.

The answer to the question "How did life originate?" has never been answered by science. The Creation Story of Genesis is still the best explanation to this eternal query.

A MESSENGER OF GOOD-WILL

It is good news to learn that Miss Ellen Ballon (originally of Montreal) is, in the main, the cause for the presentation of "The Friendship Gift" which a group of leading Americans will soon make to McGill University.

This gift which will be in the form of a fountain will bear eloquent testimony to the good-will existing between Canada and the United States.

Miss Ballon is to be congratulated for having originated the idea. It is a happy thought so true to the spirit of Israel.

PRAYERS IN THE VERNACULAR

Unconsciously, perhaps, Reform is making inroads on Orthodoxy. How else explain the fashion of late of introducing prayers in English during the services in many shuls. In a nearby community this innovation by the Rabbi brought about a silent protest on the part of the elders.

Now there is nothing in Jewish law prohibiting prayers in the vernacular. "Man can pray in any language that he desires" is the "din" in the Shulchan Aruch (Or. Ch. Hil. Tef.). In fact the Book of the Pious states expressly that the chief prayers should be uttered in the language which is understood and that it is better "not to pray at all than to pray in a language that one does not understand". There is no religious obligation to pray in Hebrew.

COLLEGE OF JEWISH STUDIES

The Temple Emanu-El College of Jewish Studies will commence its third consecutive season next Monday Evening. This school for higher Jewish learning has become a tremendous factor in the cultural life of Jewish Montreal. For the past two years hundreds of young men and women attended classes in Jewish History, Biblical Science, Comparative Religion, Yiddish and Hebrew Literature offered in this school. On the Teaching Staff of the College are outstanding men—authorities on the subjects which they teach.

We felicitate thru' this column the one man thru' whose generosity the school is made possible. He is, indeed, a follower of the Rabbinic Teaching:

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Of the few moments which are left in our disposal, it may reasonably be expected that we should be so frugal as to let none of them slip from us without some equivalent: and perhaps it might be found that we want not time but diligence for great performances.—Dr. Johnson.

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CORNWALL

Rosenfield Chapter of Hadassah met Wednesday, October 8, Mrs. J. J. Phillips presiding. Reports were read by the secretary, Miss Lillie Miller, and Mrs. Joseph Miller, convenor of National Fund. Mrs. A. Dover gave an account of the 6th annual convention of Hadassah in Ottawa early in September which she attended accompanied by Mrs. J. J. Phillips. Mrs. Phillips, retiring president, tendered her resignation. Mrs. L. Rosenfield was elected Honorary President; Mrs. Phil Abugov, President; Mrs. Harry Katz, first Vice-President; Mrs. J. J. Phillips, second Vice-President; Miss Reva Phillips, Recording Secretary; Miss Lillian Rosenfield, convenor of National Fund; Mrs. Harry Firestone, convenor of education, re-elected by acclamation; Mrs. Julius Miller, convenor of membership, Miss Edna Fink, chairman of National Fund. Next meeting and tea at the home of Mrs. Max Abugov, Adolphus Street.

Sherbrooke, Que.

A. D. Smith, Montreal St., motored to Montreal on Sunday.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Edgar and daughter, Edythe, Beckett Road, who motored to Montreal last week have returned home.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Max Harris, of Montreal, are spending a few days in town as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bernstein, Queen St.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Fackleroff, of Boston, announce the engagement of their daughter, Rose, to Sam Weinstein, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. Weinstein, formerly of Sherbrooke.

• • •

Mrs. Max Weinstein and son, Henry, motored to Boston last week and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fackleroff.

• • •

Miss Bessie Weinstein, Magog St., entertained at a dinner.

• • •

Miss Helen Cohen, Gillespie St., who spent some time in Montreal, has returned home.

• • •

M. Smith motored to Montreal Sunday.

• • •

Miss Jacqueline Schwartz motored to Montreal, to attend the recital of Heifetz at the St. Denis Theatre.

OTTAWA

Miss Fanny Feiler, of New York, is visiting for some time in Ottawa.

• • •

Mrs. J. Kizell was hostess at a luncheon party and crystal shower in honour of Mrs. Murray Rosman, formerly Miss Cecilia Sinclair. The table, which was in the form of a horseshoe, was decorated with mauve and yellow flowers, and covers were laid for a party of fifty.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. M. R. Freedman spent a week in Toronto visiting with Mrs. Freedman's father, N. Smith.

• • •

At a meeting of the James Street Synagogue plans were made for the building of a new synagogue worth approximately $35,000 to replace the present one at 54 James street. New officers elected are: President, M. Sherman; Vice-President, for the seventh year, A. Bookman; Secretary, R. Dworkin; Treasurer, A. Fonberg; Trustees, D. Ginsberg, S. Lesh, J. Gradstone and E. Palef.

• • •

The Adath Jeshurun Congregation, King Edward Avenue, elected as officers: Honourary President, A. J. Freiman; Honourary Vice-President, W. Abelson; President, C. Caplan; Vice-President, L. S. Greenberg; Secretary, B. Pearl; Treasurer, W. Shenkman; Trustees, F. Bender, D. Epstein, L. Epstein, L. Fine, G. Goldfield, S. Gluck, L. Lepofsky, Dr. S. Mirsky, M. Pearlman and L. Petigorsky.

• • •

The Yehoash Folk Shule held a dance at the Talmud Torah. It was announced that the drawing of the grandfather clock was postponed for one month, when the Shule will give another dance.

HAMILTON

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S'mini Azereth services Monday evening at 8, sermon: Rites and Ceremonies; service at 9. Simchath Torah service Tuesday at 6:30. Friday service at 8 p.m. Sermon: The Original Sin.

Wednesday, October 15, at 6:30, the Deborah Ladies' Society will give a supper-bridge at the vestry rooms of the synagogue.

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THE ENEMY'S GATES

(Continued on page 7)

every bellboy and porter in the hotel, reeling under the weight of the luggage.

George was soon holding his head high; occasionally he exchanged a glance of gloating relish with Morton or Jessica. He was full of the crowing sense of Morgenthal importance. Though he might have his own personal perplexities, his conviction that the world at large was forever teasing and chivying him, he regarded the family as a rock-founded institution, impregnable to assault. He was a Morgenthal and in every concerted movement he partook of the general glory. He felt sure, when the entrance-door of their suite had at last closed upon them, that the lobby must look pretty bare, like a street after the parade has passed.

Mr. Chamberlain, emerging from the Morgenthal apartment a few moments later, strolled over to the day-clerk's desk and smiled at his subordinate under elevated eyebrows.

"Well, they've got the money anyhow—no doubt about that, Adams," he remarked on a note of sniffing sarcasm. He seemed to feel that some explanation of his recent effusiveness was necessary. "You have to make a fuss over some people, you know," he pursued. His face had by now taken on an expression of complacent superiority. Adams, the day-clerk, obediently mimicked it. These drab puny men, as they faced each other across the counter, were obviously pluming themselves on some proud exclusive heritage that was theirs, and that they would not barter away in exchange for all the money in the world.

"But, of course!" Mr. Chamberlain, albeit grudgingly, forced himself to utter as fair and open-minded a verdict as was possible in the circumstances. "The Morgenthals are fine people." Here, however, he indulged in a shrug, then wound up with the qualifying words that disposed of the mystery. "*Very* fine people — for Jews."

"Yes, they do seem so," his henchman agreed and, copying the smug Chamberlain shrug, added, "for Jews."

CHAPTER II

It had never been claimed, even by Mark Morgenthal's staunchest supporters, that he had settled down when he married. He had always ordered his course with fastidious care; reared in the European tradition, he had managed his dealings with women in such a way that they could not be classed as indiscretions, as youthful irregularities to be atoned for in later life. According to his code, the philanderings of a civilized man were both discreet and regular; if they were conducted along the proper lines, they led neither to the slough of despond nor to the everlasting bonfire. Morgenthal, a seasoned epicure, never blundered into excesses; he simply reckoned out a certain number of his hours to be given over to passionate interludes. To these distractions, he applied the methods he used at his dinner-table; he guarded himself from the sad satiety that follows a mere boorish wallowing. Bred as he had been, he had broken through no ancestral scruples, had desecrated no hallowed rules of conduct. He had walked with perfect sanity, with urbane unruffled assurance in the ways of his level-headed forebears. His own father had coached him, shrewdly and succinctly, on the delicate subject of mistresses; in the discussion of this problem, the elder Morgenthal had been as cool and lucid and decent as if he had been instructing his son in stock-dividends. So Mark at the age of twenty had begun, somewhat in the manner of a quizzical dilettante, to test out his acquired theories. The sense of furtive guilt from which most boys suffer threw no oppressive gloom over his investigations. The nice point was, how to plot out his working schedule so that his moments of relaxation should never intrude on his other activities. He had carried the plan through with mathematical skill. When he was twenty-five, his father had died, bequeathing him a fortune, a seat on the stock exchange and the controlling power in a firm that, during three generations of dignified achievement, had built up for itself an unassailable prestige. To Mark, cynic and polite scoffer though he was, the Morgenthal reputation was a precious inheritance. All the men of that family, no matter what picturesque soils their private lives might show, gave to the financial house of Morgenthal the purest filial devotion. Mark, with his unerring sense of balance, had easily readjusted his weight to the strain of his new responsibilities. He had made a brilliant success of his career; moreover, he had contributed a rejuvenating audacity to the audacity to the business that had been lacking in the days of his too conservative father. Mark, for all his apparent languor, had the fitful restlessness of genius. His apathy could give way in a moment to the most intense and concentrated fervor. Conducting the affairs of the house with the time-honored integrity, he yet added a racy tang that transformed ordinary stock-dealings into gentlemanly gambling games. Meanwhile, on the side, he collected porcelains and Italians Primitives and kept certain well-dressed pretty women.

Morgenthal had remained single till he was thirty-five; not before that time had he felt convinced that he could dovetail marriage neatly into the framework of his life, without any danger of a general buckling of the whole intricate structure. He had early calculated out to a nicety the qualifications his wife must possess; and, as is often the case with intelligent bachelors of negligible morals, his demands had been cruelly exacting. As for his own part in the agreement — he would contribute the Morgenthal name, a lavish material setting, a restrained affection and a deep abiding respect. He would not, however, consider himself pledged to give up other women when he married.

Now, after twelve years together, Morgenthal and his wife still presented an imperturbable front to the world. For a long time before her illness, Mrs. Morgenthal had appeared but seldom in public. She entertained occasionally in her New York house; on Wagner nights, she made an impressive figure at the Metropolitan; but, for the most part, her once commanding identity had blurred out of people's minds. At present, she was hardly more than a massive rugged name — Rachel Touro Morgenthal — on hospital boards and the committee lists of certain charitable institutions. No one could assert, however, that in her proud seclusion she led a cloistrally base life. As a matter of fact, she denied herself nothing. Though she spent her days alone with her children, she always wore expensive and striking gowns. To Morgenthal, it had proved a never-failing source of satisfaction that his wife's costumes should be so much more beautiful than other women's. Mrs. Morgenthal, with her acute perception of the particular stuffs and shades that became her, personally superintended the making of all her dresses. She had no patience with slipshod work. If a shop bungled an order of hers, she straightway withdrew her patronage.

Hidden away in her great house, she dressed well simply for her artistic satisfaction. She did not squander her time, however, on this or any other activity. A firm disciplinarian, she held herself, as well as her children and her household, to a strict accounting. She must look her best on every occasion—that was her simple rule; vanity had nothing to do with the matter. As she sat in front of her dressing-table mirror, she considered the arrangement of her hair from a quite objective standpoint. The instant the effect struck her as just right, she turned away. Her maid had been carefully drilled to get her into her clothes with accuracy and speed. The most complicated gown could be hooked up in a few minutes; then Mrs. Morgenthal at the pier-glass, having stroked down the pleats and shaken out the flounces, would nod her head and smile her kind judicious approval. Usually, at about this juncture, young Morton's knock would be heard on the door. Ever since he was seven years old, Morton had regarded himself as the arbiter supreme on the question of his mother's clothes. A trifle pompous in his self-appointed rôle of wardrobe-master, he yet brought to the discharge of his duties such as wholehearted earnestness that she accepted his comments and suggestions with grave interest. She suppressed her amusement, postponed her laughter till she could share the absurd scenes, in retrospect, with Mark. It had not taken Morton long to acquire a real cleverness in his avocation. His preposterous tastes, at seven, had mellowed surprisingly by the time he was ten. He came to know whereof he spoke. He paraded his technical equipment everywhere; the children in the park, the little girls at dancing-classes and birthday parties heard all about Mrs. Morgenthal's clothes — where they came from, what they looked like and just how they were trimmed.

Mrs. Morgenthal possessed, to an extraordinary degree, the faculty of managing big establishments. A woman of the world, alert and resourceful, she had graduated the scale of her domestic expenses in steady accordance with the growth of her husband's wealth. Her watch over her children remained, through all this period of brilliant expansion, shrewd and unfaltering. An implacable aristocrat herself, she laid down certain laws for the boys and the little girl to follow: they must be proud as she was proud, but always well within their lines of defense. Rachel Morgenthal was bitterly conscious of the family's position in New York life. The fine old Jewish houses, scattered like alien and forbidding fortresses over the American scene, upheld their power only by their rigid exclusiveness. Any attempt to modify their social isolation, to force themselves out of their exile, would result in humiliation. Rachel Morgenthal had no faintest wish to emerge from the solid protecting walls reared by her ancestors. Beneath her reserve there burned a fierce racial arrogance. To her, the Touros stood symbolically for dignity and justice. Though she herself, with her broad sophistication, had long ago given up the Jewish faith, she retained her precious fealty of blood. She made it her deepest study to train up her children to her own heroic standards. She preached the ancient doctrine of aloofness and self-sufficiency. They listened intently, adoringly, all three of them; but with a prophetic look down the years, she saw Morton and Jessica as the shameless renegades of the future, battering for admission at the enemy's gates Morton, the airy sophist, and Jessica, the blunt opportunist, couldn't easily be converted into blind disciples. Only George was swept to unequivocal and unthinking surrender by his mother's exhortations.

The Morgenthal brood did not play much with other children; the formal approved list of their associates consisted of a few cousins. The reactionary Jewish families of that day were all related to one another; they intermarried, they zealously guarded the tribal purity. Once in a while, alone with their nurses in the park, the three Morgenthals scraped up acquaintance with youngsters who had tepid American surnames — very different from the foreign-sounding patronymics of the Morgenthal clan, with their guttural brawny strength, their solidity as of characters hewn out of granite. George resented these sudden puppy friendships. He always strove valiantly to remain outside, a haughty onlooker. Morton and Jessica were only too eager to make advances to strangers. Morton would put out tentative feelers, would be sedulously polite, in every way the discreet gentleman even while casting the boldest, most provocative glances over his shoulder at the desired female quarry. Jessica, who had no use for the coy advances and retreats of the stalking game, would critically eye a child for a moment, then stride up and open parley with a brisk "Hello! Want to play with me?" George considered such actions an unscrupulous betrayal of their mother. On the few occasions when his brother and sister got good round snubs, he experienced a sly satisfaction but when the new alliance ripened into staunch comradeship and games became the order of the day, he was usually drawn, to his gloomy shame, into the fun.

Morton and Jessica had scant opportunity, however, to flout Mrs. Morgenthal's commands; and, devoted to her as they were, they much preferred being docile under her kindly eyes to being disobedient in her absence. Generally, she was with them from breakfast to bedtime. Even during the lesson hours, she sat at a window of the school-room, sometimes writing notes, more often embroidering. Arithmetic lost a great deal of its terrors in her presence. At the moment when a problem had become a mere tight snarl, when poor Miss Bishop's powers of explanation were exhausted, Mrs. Morgenthal would put aside her work, ask a few pithy questions — and straightway the tangles began slowly to unwind. Nine times out of ten, it was George who had got himself enmeshed. His mind lacked the cool clarity of Morton's, the deadly intuitive pounce of Jessica's; it worked confusedly, as if the circulation of blood through it were sluggish. The study of arithmetic failed to effect any crystallization; it seemed, on the contrary to churn up sediment from the depths and to bring on a murkier befuddlement. George, scowling over his tasks, regarded them, not as experiments in the rarefied zone of the intellect, but as practical exercises somehow related to his own daily life. "I don't see the sense of this problem," he would complain. "All about digging postholes, mother. I won't ever have to dig post-holes, now will I?" Papering rooms, too, and dealing commercially in hogs — what was the point of it all? With unshakeable patience, Mrs. Morgenthal strove to make him understand that the actual plat-interest of his examples and all the homely genre touches were simply incidental. "Stick to the figuring, George dear," she coaxed. "They're not telling you a story or teaching you how to look out for pigs. They're just asking you to use your head sensibly." But George couldn't learn to accept with polite detachment the farm-hands and day-laborers he encountered in his arithmetic book.

Mrs. Morgenthal, in sharing the school-room with her children, had acted, primarily on George's behalf. Only by her constant presence on the scene could the proper order be preserved. George was the oldest; it must never become apparent that the agile Morton had caught up with him in the academic race. Each time Morton bounded into a new grade, George also was pushed ahead. Nobody was permitted to notice the circumstance that the older boy always left behind him a disorderly mass of rubble, while his junior, before moving on, cleaned up the last scattered bits of information and filed them away in his tidy brain. Mrs. Morgenthal knew the

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truth about her children. Though Morton was fond of George and didn't like to hurt his feelings, he had the lusty impulse to crow over his own attainments, to scramble ahead of his brother in school. His mother did not condemn him for his conceit and ambition; he was no worse than other boys of his age. Her skilful way of dealing with the situation was simply to superintend the proceedings herself. Under her surveillance, Morton kept his attention riveted on his own tasks. George, though a whole class ahead of him, might be fussing over lessons that sounded suspiciously familiar; but Morton, by his air of absolute concentration, would convey to his mother that he wasn't putting two and two together.

Though she lived wholly for her children, Rachel Morgenthal never became an oppressive influence. She was with them at work and at play; in every crisis, she constituted the court of last appeal. They did not consider her, however, as the dour inquisitor, whose main purpose was to catch them unawares in wrongdoing. They took it for granted that she would always be reasonable. If she scolded them, they deserved it; a rebuke from her could plunge them straight into shamefaced woe and contrition; but resentment would have no part in their mood. A domestic dutiful little band the three of them made, doing their sums in the school-room, eating their hearty meals with their mother in her morning-room, playing whist with her on rainy afternoons, finally waiting in their beds to be kissed good-night. Mrs. Morgenthal had succeeded in carrying out to perfection her plain and robust family regimen. She had brought up her children with real simplicity in one of the biggest houses in New York. Though dwarfed to a pigmy scale by their surroundings, the young Morgenthals were neither dashed nor overawed. They passed their busy days in an easy freedom.

In the evenings, Rachel Morgenthal read or played the piano till long past midnight. As she sat in her unbroken solitude, a dark gloom would rise within her and diffuse itself over her thoughts, like a night-mist above still waters; gradually the waves of impalpable shadow widened, till in the end they would seem to permeate the very air around her and cast a visible cloud from without upon her white forehead. Even during the jolliest moments of the day, when she was rewarding the children with a chocolate apiece for reciting their history dates correctly or restraining them from too greedy inroads upon some new dessert, she would appear a being somehow apart, a dweller in a strange atmosphere where the manipulation of the lights and shades was not quite that of the ordinary prosaic world. Her face, handsome and strong, had certain mysterious lines that, in the range of her daytime moods, she never brought into play. Those faint but indelible scorings had been channeled into her flesh by her late vigils. While she was playing a Beethoven Sonata with her sweeping masculine vigor, while she was reading a new French novel with apparent interest, her expression would harden, set itself harshly, and every mark upon her of bitterness and misery would start out into cruel distinctness. In her brooding loneliness, she seldom thought of the children; she would practically have forgotten them. With a mind full of discontent and rancor, she would be contemplating her own lot. It was Morgenthal, and not the children, who had been the supreme influence in her life. She had not chosen to make of herself merely the patient and indefatigable mother; during the first years of her marriage she had been so much in love with her husband that she had almost resented the birth of each baby. When she met Morgenthal, Rachel Touro was already a woman of twenty-five, with a hardy weathered intelligence and an apparent knowledge of the world. In the years she had spent abroad, she had acquired an air of experience, of large tolerance. A true stern Touro at heart, however, she had surrendered nothing of the iron integrity that had been her birthright. For a century and a half, the lives of her family had been shaped after the example of the great Abraham Touro, who had settled in Newport long before the Revolution and had died there, the richest and most honored citizen of the Rhode Island town. By eighteen hundred, his descendants had all moved away; but the Touro tradition continued heroic and undimmed. The Jews still gathered for worship in the sturdy synagogue built by Abraham Touro himself in seventeen sixty-three. Touro Park and Touro Street were carved out of the estate where the first of the fine line had once played the generous and gentlemanly host. Surrounded by a spiked iron fence, with a padlocked gate bedded in a magnificent granite pylon, the Touro cemetery preserved its historic prestige, its inviolate seclusion in the community. Except when the well-oiled gate swung open to permit the entrance of a coffin, no one but the caretaker was allowed within the enclosure. Over the prone slabs, the yews stood their somber guard. In the nineteenth century, the Touros had returned to Newport only to be lowered into that soil or to be married in the old synagogue. These two solemn rites were reverentially performed on the domains of the patriarchal Abraham. Under his shadow, the Touros first pledged themselves to deliver up his seed into fertile wombs and finally were consigned to the small plot of earth that had held his dust for so many years.

To Rachel Touro, marriage had always been represented by images of weight and enduring solidity. It had loomed, like a dark monolith, above every other human institution. She had looked forward to a career of unshakeable security with Morgenthal. On her wedding day, the words she uttered had had as heavy and inexorable a significance as if they had hammered themselves into great tablets of stone. In a little more than four years, she learned that her husband had viewed the ceremony with polite mockery. He had never had the slightest intention of remaining faithful to her. As a matter of fact, with his theories of graceful accommodation, he actually felt that he had kept his vows. She was, after all, the only woman he regarded with unflagging admiration and loyalty; the others did not count.

If Rachel Morgenthal had possessed a less searching acuteness, if her love for Mark had been less exacting and suspicious, she might never have found out the truth; but, for all her strength, she had had from the beginning the one treacherous weakness of jealousy. With her ingenuity sharpened by her goading doubts, she had pierced through his defence. Morgenthal, irritated and baffled but still courteous, had merely shrugged out an admission of his guilt. Having lived with her and studied her for several years, he realized that any facile pleas on his side would be profitless. His clever cautious scheme had broken down; his marriage, in its most intimate reality, was a failure, complete overwhelming. In bitterness and hatred, his wife had turned away from him. The rest of her life she spent in seclusion. When Morgenthal was at home, she shared the children with him; in a casual friendliness they exchanged comments over the three curly heads, smiled into each other's eyes at some bright sally of Morton's or some bold example of Jessica's hard common sense. Occasionally, Mark would be called into his wife's morning-room for a conference, a discussion of certain methods of discipline; during these sessions, she would take particular pains to give him humorous accounts of the latest quirks and queer twists in the mental development of their young charges. Time and again, as he chatted and chuckled with her, Morgenthal would feel in his heart a weary discouragement, a sense of unwarrantable exile. Why couldn't a woman be both upright and sagely indulgent? Convinced that his policy of cool double-dealing had perfect justification, he yet lapsed at moments into chagrin and shame. Whatever the merits of his case, he had wounded her; more than that, he had made himself an object for her merciless scorn. To a man of his suave self-assurance, such a position in the eyes of his wife had its ignominy.

Rachel Morgenthal, with her determination to be just, never prejudiced his children against him; moreover, intensely proud and sensitive, she always concealed her unhappiness from the inquisitive world. On the few occasions when she appeared in public with him—at the opera and on shipboard—she acted towards him with a gracious cordiality. In her own house, she saw him only when the interests of the children demanded it. She had apparently stricken him forever out of her own personal existence.

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That he remained the tragic obsession of her life, that through all the period of their separation her mind dwelt on him with moody fanatical concentration, Morgenthal never suspected. She had guarded her plight from everybody. By a supreme effort of her courage, she had freed herself from the touch of his fine investigating hands, had escaped from the warmth of his physical contact; but she had been powerless to conquer his enervating spell. He was always in her thoughts, just as he had once been in her life—his head drooped to one side in indolent appraisal, his eyes gentle but with a humid sultriness latent in them, as in the eyes of a sleepy lion. If, confronted by his image, his wife could have felt only the revulsion of disgust, her wretchedness would not have persisted. She would have found a healthy stimulus in the knowledge that, at the moment she discovered his unworthiness, she had been free of the contamination of his influence. But the stain upon her had sunk too deep ever to be eradicated; though she had angrily thrust his body away from her, she could not make herself clean. Till she died, she would be the victim of shame and unquenchable jealousy. Her bitterest condemnation was directed against herself: after all, Mark pretended to no exalted virtue, while she received homage, even from him, as a woman of unflinching integrity. Deeper than her resentment at his callous treatment of her ran the tide of her self-loathing. Alone in her sitting-room in the evenings, she must ceaselessly thwart her own desires, blindly seek to starve her flesh into submission. Often she would give up the struggle and her thoughts, envious and vindictive, would turn upon the other women in her husband's easy life.

So, year by year, her secret gloom thickened and condensed into an actual fluid that worked a dull way through her veins and wrought confusion in her body. Gradually it had sapped her strength and at last, surging back to her brain, had struck her down with one swift maiming blow. In the chair by her reading-lamp she had been found early one morning, unconscious and with her right side paralyzed.

CHAPTER III

The Morgenthal children found it rather difficult to copy their father's attitude towards Saint Augustine. The town had really captivated them; but, looking to Morgenthal as the model to be slavishly aped in every public appearance, they toned down their enthusiasm. They even patterned their facial expression after his. Morton, the deftest mimic of the three, had soon trained his mouth to indicate the fleering contempt of one who had been on hand in the jolly old times. The fact that this happened to be his first visit did not disconcert him in the least.

Morgenthal, unlike his children, was getting very little pleasure out of Saint Augustine this winter, was adopting no conscious pose for the benefit of the onlookers. He viewed the place with a mingled annoyance and commiseration. In his estimation, a resort resembled a woman: it either let down with time and, growing blowsy, loose, promiscuous, sacrificed every right to civil recognition from its former supporters; or else it subsided into the dullness of rusted gentility. Saint Augustine, in nineteen-hundred, showed a tendency towards stodginess. The Marine Goddesses on the walls of the Ponce de Leon were a bit chipped and the gold-leaf of the ceilings had dulled with the years. Morgenthal, recalling the hotel in the flushed luster of its first winter, felt a certain desolateness as he regarded it now, with its bloom rubbed away. He couldn't conquer the sensation of inertia and insidious weariness that had somehow stolen over him. Here he was, a man approaching fifty, with three children and an invalid wife. He had never before had the stinging consciousness of himself as a man upon whom time was levying toll. Frequently he had put his youth to some cautious test and had received the tonic proof of soundness. Middle-age had seemed to him an unpleasant and unnecessary stage, a penance inflicted on those who had refused to take care of themselves. Of a sudden, he was assailed by crowding panic doubts. His resilience had begun to stiffen; his tawny eyes had clouded stagnantly: he was being bled of his sanguine assurance. His wife's illness had indirectly worked upon him. Determined to regain his confidence at any cost, he was in the mood for desperate hazards; for the first time in his career, he was under the necessity of gambling to recover losses.

As he strolled in apparent aimlessness about the hotel gardens, he kept a wary watch over the other guests; then, one morning in the old Ball orange-grove, he had come face to face with a young woman who was chatting gayly with his own son Morton, while nearby Jessica and a freckled wild Irishman of a little boy revolved about each other in sniffing suspicion. George, backed up against a tree trunk at a considerable distance, was examining Morton's new friend with the gaze of distressed calf-love.

Morgenthal, languidly glancing the woman over, saw at once that she was charming, impish, a cool calculator of effects—the sort who could weave an enchanting spell over any group of children, with all the time a weather-eye open for the possible intrusion of the father of the small band. She wore a diminutive fan-shaped toque, raked just a bit to one side. Her black hair was dressed with severity parted in the middle and pulled away from the brow. She had a queer habit of drawing her head in, of distending her long throat, and, by a muscular contraction, of forcing back her little pointed chin; she seemed, in consequence, as alertly on the de-

(Continued on page 17)

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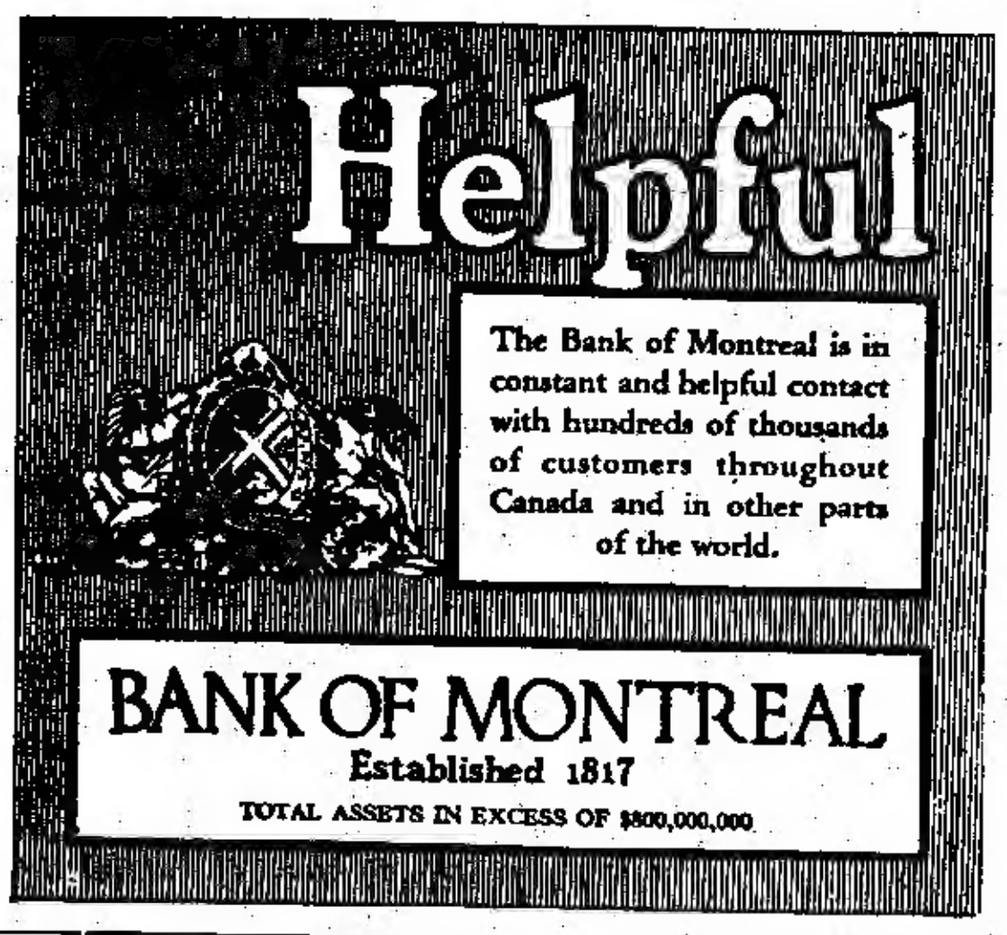
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"Sometimes when people censure me,
I tell them without rancor,
That for what it cost me to be free,
I might have had an anchor."

The attitude of the Social Justice Commission of the Central Conference of American Rabbis on the subject of birth control as expressed in the statement read in Reform synagogues during the High Holy days, may have come as a surprise to many hearers. It is not new, however, and dates back to the Asheville Conference in 1926. An excerpt from the report of Dr. Ephraim Frisch, then Chairman of the Commission, reads as follows:

"This commission, therefore, holds that the subject of birth control should not be treated as suspect from the standpoint of the law and should not be relegated to clandestine discussion and agitation, but, on the contrary, should be brought out to the light of day from the secret places to which it has been, by old habit and an outworn morality, consigned. Accordingly the subject of birth control, with the sole exception of that phase which has to do with the imparting of information concerning methods of contraception, should be made a vital theme for full and free discussion. We foresee great gains alike for the comfort and happiness of the individual and the family and for the well-being of society, in a free and unhampered discussion of this fundamental problem."

Last year when Rabbi Edward L. Israel was Chairman of the Commission, this resolution was presented: "Realizing the need of exercising great caution in dealing with the delicate and complicated problem of birth regulation in view of the widespread dissolution of the old sanctions affecting the institution of marriage and the ties of family life; earnestly desiring to guard against playing into the hands of those who undermine the dignity and sanctity of these precious bonds through reckless notions and practices having to do with sex relations; especially mindful of the noble tradition obtaining among the Jewish people with respect to the holiness and the crucial importance of domestic relations; but, realising the many serious evils caused by uncontrolled parenthood among those who lack the prerequisites of health and a reasonable measure of economic resources and intelligence to give to their children the heritage to which they are entitled, we, therefore, recommend that the Central Conference of American Rabbis urge the recognition of the importance of the control of parenthood as one of the methods of coping with social problems."

Apropos this outspoken declaration, it is of interest to note the action of the Anglican Bishops with regard to birth control at the Lambeth Conference of the Church of England. This body of ministers, like the Central Conference of American Rabbis, has a most liberal social program. To exclude from such a platform a pronouncement on a subject of such sociological import as birth regulation would be cowardly. The Conference declined to brand controlled parenthood sinful. As far back as 1927 at the Cape May Conference of the American Rabbis, Dr. Jacob Z. Lauterbach Professor of Talmud at the Hebrew Union College, gave a paper on "The Talmudic-Rabbinic View of Birth Control" to show that Judaism places no prohibition on deliberate limitation of family.

Of course many women in various countries have long since regarded it individual right to determine as far as they were able the size of the family. The effect of the exercise of birth control is in evidence in modern life everywhere. The scriptural injunction to "increase and multiply" is regarded as outmoded in favor of the increase in quality of offspring before quantity. This came to be without benefit of clergy and still faces opposition among various religious sects. Ministerial bodies have been slow to speak out on the subject. However, there is now a greater willingness on their part to examine the facts of any practical situation. This new attitude does something to remove the charge that the church is always reactionary and post-footing and out of touch with life. By taking into account the existence of such problems as birth regulation and bringing them forward for frank discussion the church clears the air of a cloud of injustice. This in itself must mean a push toward progress.

I.I.S.

From Our Contemporaries

The Detroit Jewish Chronicle says:—

"Lion Feuchtwanger, noted playwright and novelist, writing on "The Trend of the Jews" in the New York Herald-Tribune, expresses the belief that the Jews, because they are more mobile than other people, and because they have been estranged from the soil for many centuries, will play a leading role in the technical progress of a machine-governed world. Referring to the position of the Jews among the nations of the earth, Mr. Feuchtwanger writes:

What their enemies formerly reproached them with and condemned as their most contemptible characteristic — their cosmopolitanism — their lack of roots in the soil, suddenly discloses itself as an immense superiority. That they were intrigued against for centuries, that they were obliged to adapt themselves always to new men and new conditions, makes them, in a quickly altered time of rapid communications, superior to those who can move only on their own soil. It is consequently their historic mission to take front rank in helping to do the work of construction in a world which has changed from a world of farmers to a world of machines.

What this famous German-Jewish author sees fit to prophesy might very appropriately have been transformed into a sermon to be preached to the Jewish youth. We had occasion previously to point to the dangers in store for Jews as a result of the economic changes throughout the World. We pointed to the decline of the middle class and to the need for the Jews to seek new avenues of activity to earn his livelihood. A hostile world appears to be growing even more hostile in consequence of the said economic depressions that have encircled the globe, and more than ever the Jew must be on guard: he must be careful and cautious lest a people that has always managed to survive the worst of political, economic and social disasters may now be turned into a nation too impoverished to carry on.

There is no question at all but that in a machine age the youth must turn to technical pursuits, if they are not to be shelved and stepped upon. And the Jewish minority, always forced to be on the defensive, must act wisely in guiding the youth to honorable, safe and productive pursuits. The elders of Israel, burdened with many problems, must place this question of the security of the youth ahead of all other considerations. There was a time when preachers and editors decried what were referred to as the influences of the machine age. Today we must acclimatize ourselves to the technical aegis of our times and strive for Judaism and the influences of science that control our lives not to counteract each other but to exist harmoniously. The happiness of the youth depends upon the wisdom with which we will be able to guide them economically and technically, as well as spiritually."

The American Jewish World (Minneapolis) says:—

"Ever since the Cleveland convention Zionists of this country have been asking, What will be the political policy of the new administration? The answer to this query might be found in The New Palestine of September 5th — this paper being the official organ of the Zionist Organization of America — under the caption: "Whither Bound?" The article, a well-written logical expose of the Zionist situation by Emanuel Neumann, takes Dr. Weizmann to task for his conception of a bi-national state in Palestine, and flays the President of the Jewish Agency for his vacillating, inconsistent political policy. Mr. Neumann's conclusion is very clear-cut. It demands unequivocally a change in the Zionist political policy even if this should mean the removal of Dr. Weizmann.

Thus the new Zionist administration of America aligns itself with those who are dissatisfied with the world Zionist leadership and demand a drastic change. This foreshadows that the next World Zionist Congress may see the overthrow of the Weizmann regime. Of this there can be little doubt now that the Zionists of the United States no longer are bearing the brunt of the Weizmann opposition but are ready to join the revisionists, Radical Zionists, Mizrachi and Dr. Gruenbaum's Polish group in their efforts to oust his administration, is pregnant with prospects of interesting future alignments of the Zionist parties as well as of the make-up of the coming Zionist World Executive."

DR. WEIZMANN AND ZIONISM

(Continued from page 1)

to subject himself to the indignity of being kept in office by a formula. If he had conceived but a tithe of the regard which he evidently feels for office for the great Movement, which Sinai-like has placed him a leader among his people, he must have refused to be any party to such inane word-splitting as that of which he was apparently the willing subject at Berlin. But in the meantime the Movement itself is in a critically parlous condition, in large measure from circumstances which a far wiser and more far-seeing leader than Dr. Weizmann could not have avoided, but in no little measure also from those that can be traced to nothing so surely as to his recklessness and sometimes his proneness, which we imagine was the cause of the monstrous speech he made at Berlin—if he made it—to be too clever by half. If he was guilty of such a blunder as is attributed to him, we appeal to him to stop this fooling and come back to the true basic principles of Zionism and the duties they cast upon the leader of the Zionist Movement. He may not succeed, and failure may none the less be his reward. But if he fail he will fail gloriously. The course he now appears to be pursuing points inevitably to failure to which ignominy will surely be added. From that, for his own sake, but less for that than for the sake of Zionism, we would earnestly desire to see him spared.

THE ENEMY'S GATES

(Continued from page 15)

fense as a coiled snake, ready to dart out a flickering forked tongue. Her eyes, the heavy lids shaped like graceful Greek scrolls, made the rest of her face appear tiny, almost wasted. As she smiled up at Morgenthal with a barely perceptible near-sighted squint, she made a picture of distracting prettiness; but, oddly enough, there was just a suggestion of a death's-head about her short nose with its uptilted nostrils.

"Good morning, Mr. Morgenthal." She did not bother with any stilted preamble. "I'm in love with your children already—particularly this one." She gave Morton a comradely pat on the shoulder. "The others won't come near me. He tells me I'm going to find it dull here."

Morton, preening, turned to Morgenthal. "This is Mrs. Wilton, papa," he announced. "She arrived last night. She's got a little boy—Tommy." He waved a hand in the direction of Tommy; by the quick glance he shot at his father, he conveyed that it was hard to believe—the relationship between that shock-headed ruffian and this beautiful lady. "They'll be here for six weeks, they think. Those are their rooms—on the third floor." Eagerly he pointed out the Wilton suite.

"He seems to be in possession of all the facts," Morgenthal remarked quietly to Mrs. Wilton. "And of course he told you our history, too."

"Yes, indeed; in ten minutes he's taken me over the whole field. He's a born host, that boy. Those are your windows—on the first floor." She laughed—a hearty, slightly throttled laugh out of her strained white throat.

Morgenthal nodded his approval. "We're already very old acquaintances then, aren't we?"

"Oh, it dates back years and years—our friendship does," she gaily agreed. "Your child here has given me a present, this early in the day." She extended a thin hand to Morgenthal; cuddled into the deep hollow of her palm lay a monster some two inches long, its chin propped against the cushion of her thumb, its neck swollen to an angry bloody bubble and its goggle eyes starting from its head.

"Good heavens—a chameleon!" Morgenthal protested. "You're fortunate it wasn't a baby alligator."

"He's promised me a baby alligator," Mrs. Wilton returned. "But he says no well-dressed woman in the south is without her chameleon, attached to a thin gold chain—here, over the heart.

During the casual banter, she raised the hand that held the chameleon to the level of her shoulder. Her amusing waggish face was close to Morgenthal's now. "Your son has twenty-eight of them by actual count. So I didn't feel I was robbing him when I accepted this one."

"But this one," came Morton's clear voice from below, "was my favorite."

She broke again into the choked laugh that had already struck Morgenthal as faintly wanton. Then, swooping down, she put her arms around Morton's neck and lifted his face to hers. "It was rude of me—to talk as if it were just one of twenty-eight. I know it was your favorite, my dear. There now!" She kissed him. "Do you forgive me?"

Morton's saucy eyes sparkled. He didn't consider it necessary to say a single word; naturally she knew well enough that he *did* forgive her, after that passionate salute.

"And now we must get back to earth." Abruptly Mrs. Wilton brought the scene to its close. "At least, *I* must. My Tommy there may go on with his courtship if he wants to."

With a single brusque nod, she gathered up her skirts and wafted herself off with her chameleon, into the flooding sunlight beyond the orange-grove. As he watched her, in her sprigged muslin gown, Morgenthal was silently comparing her to the principal dancer in some French ballet that, for all its apparent quaintness and sprightly sylvan innocence, has shameless implications for the wise. He and Mrs. Wilton had arrived at a broad understanding in the past ten minutes; of that he had not the slightest doubt.

With the appearance at the Ponce de Leon of Mrs. Wilton and her disleveled Tommy, the general tempo underwent a breathless acceleration. Not only did Morgenthal's sluggish pulses quicken; alone in her sitting-room, his wife felt, as the weeks went by, the ever dimier rush of her resentment. Never till now had she been forced to follow with her own eyes the progress of Mark's intrigues. In his recklessness, this winter, he was exhibiting himself to her in a new and sordid aspect; for the first time, he had discarded even the semblance of good taste. In and out of the courtyard beneath the Morgenthal windows, he and Mrs. Wilton were continually drifting. With his head inclined obliquely towards her, his gaze following the ceaseless quiver of her lids as she screwed up her eyes from the light, his ear cocked to catch her quick mischievous asides, Morgenthal had the air of a man too much embroiled in his infatuation to trouble about appearances; his vision had contracted to a direct concentration upon this woman. He seemed unaware of the world existing beyond the circle of their intimate solitude. It mattered not at all that the other people in the hotel, even the servants, might be drawing disreputable conclusions. His inevitable deterioration into a groping senility had begun. His wife, sickened by the thought of the corridor gossip and the tattle belowstairs, would angrily turn away from her window the moment he sauntered into the courtyard at Mrs. Wilton's side. To her, the grimmest martyrdom lay in the fact that everybody under the Ponce de Leon room must be pitying her and championing her cause in righteous indignation. That was the last annihilating stroke to her beleaguered pride.

Mrs. Wilton, since she had no pride, didn't care a rap what the verdict on her conduct might be. Unperturbed, she went her happy-go-lucky way and had her good time without any fear of a possible reckon-

(Continued on page 22)

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Friday night lectures commence November 7.

Young Israel of Toronto, Talmud Torah Building, Brunswick Avenue.

Services Friday, October 17th, at sundown and Saturday, October 18th at 9 a.m. at the Toronto Talmud Torah, 9 Brunswick Avenue. Dan Gordon will occupy the pulpit. On Shemini Azereth Mr. Gasner spoke on "The Significance of the Day."

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Holy Blossom Hebrew Congregation. Rabbi M. N. Eisendrath, Bond Street.

Service, Saturday, October 18th, at 10.30 a.m. Sermon: "Let There Be Light."

Congregational meeting Thursday, October 23rd, at 8.30 p.m., in the Synagogue Chambers.

Pulpit flowers last week were the gift of Miss Adelaide Cohen in memory of her mother, Flora Cross.

The newly-organized Holy Blossom Forum, under the chairmanship of Lionel Singer, in conjunction with the Alumni, and in co-operation with the Men's Club and the Sisterhood, has announced as its beginning a debate between Clarence Darrow, noted criminal lawyer and humanitarian, and Rabbi Barnett R. Brickner, of Cleveland, on "Is Man a Machine?" at Massey Hall, Thursday evening, November 20th.

Last week in assembly, Harold Pritzker, teacher in the Sunday Morning Section, told a screen story; Richard Tarshis, pupil in Mrs. Eisendrath's class, told the story of Phillip Halsman. A Harvest Festival was held last Sabbath morning. Fruits, vegetables and cereals were brought to the Synagogue, and were distributed by the Sisterhood to philanthropic institutions and among needy families. A sermonette was given to the children by Rabbi Philip W. Jaffa, Regional Rabbi for the Union of American Hebrew Congregations, who was visiting here.

All those who have completed more than one year in the Collegiate Club or who have already been confirmed will assemble this Sunday at 8 p.m., October 19th, at the Synagogue Chambers, for a rally and program, when plans for the re-organization of the Collegiate Club will be considered. Those who were in the first year of the Collegiate Club last year will meet with Rabbi Eisendrath personally at a subsequent date soon to be announced. This group will form this year's Confirmation Class.

CLUB TEA OCTOBER 26

The third annual tea of the Blue Bird Club takes place, Sunday, October 26th, from 2 to 6 p.m., at the home of Miss Fay Bornstein, 20 Cecil Street. Tickets from the President, Miss Kate Perlmatter 415 Markham Street, Trinity 6602 or Miss Martha Blidner, 283 Palmerston Boulevard, Trinity 1226-W.

MEMBERS WANTED

After a season in baseball, the Tuscane Knights are starting their winter campaign for new members between the ages of 18 and 20. Information from Steven Stern, Trinity 9266-J between 9 and 11 p.m.; or Al Rose between 1.30 and 8.30 p.m.

MEMBERS WELCOME

The Balfour Girls are now open for membership to girls between the ages of 18 or 19. Call Miss Ruth Sanders, Elgin 8034.

EXECUTIVE MEETING MONDAY

An executive meeting of the Jewish Children's Home will be held at the home of Mrs. Mehr, 121 Lyndhurst Avenue, Monday October 20th., at 7.30.

JOINT INSTALLATION

Wednesday, October 29th, the installation of the newly-elected officers of Sunnyside Lodge and the newly-elected officers of Queen Esther Rebeccah Lodge takes place at a joint installation ceremony in Oddfellows Temple, 229 College St. Miss Celia Herman, recently elected District Deputy Grand Master, assisted by her suite of district officers, will officiate at the installation of the newly-elected officers of Queen Esther Rebeccah Lodge. Officers elected by Sunnyside Lodge will be installed in office by Dr. J. P. F. Williams, of Toronto District No. 36 and his suite. Those elected to office by Queen Esther Rebeccah Lodge are: Ella Carman, Noble Grand; Sophia Greenberg, Vice Grand; Doris Cohen, Chaplain; Beatrice Wahl, Treasurer; Gertrude Adel, Financial Secretary; Ettie Lesser, Recording Secretary; Ella Cohen, Junior Past Grand; Sakie Palter, Trustee. Officers of Sunnyside Lodge are: Harry Zweig, Noble Grand; Harry Landau, P. G. Vice Grand; Joseph Rosenberg, Financial Secretary; S. H. Shrott, Recording Secretary; Harry Seigel, Treasurer; J. Sobel, M. Goodman and W. Rother, Trustees.

MEMBERS WELCOME

The Orion Club held their third successive roll-off Saturday, October 11. Jack Quitt with 209 was high single. Anyone wishing to belong to a social, athletic or literary club, call Sid Godfrey, Secretary, Trinity 8822-J.

GIRLS WANTED

Small social club wishes to enlarge membership of girls, 17 and 18. Call Miss Fisher, Trinity 1911.

LUNCHEON MEETING

The Council of Jewish Women will hold their first luncheon meeting Thursday, October 30th., at 44 St. George St. Mrs. Joseph E. Friend, National President of Council of Jewish Women, will be guest speaker.

MEMBERS WANTED

Members wanted by Gruen Club, ages 18 to 20. Communicate with Lou Soupecoff, Trinity 7692; or Samuel Verman, Kenwood 7735 after 5 p.m.

ANNUAL LADIES' NIGHT

Sunnyside Lodge I.O.O.F. Annual Ladies' Night at the Crystal Ball Room Thanksgiving Night, November 10th. Tickets from J. Rosenberg, Adel. 3022; or S. Greenberg, Hr. 3434.

WANT TO JOIN?

Girls 18 years and up desiring to join a club, call Miss Feldman, Trinity 1065F.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

Cohen's Kosher Meat Market late of 134 Elizabeth Street, wishes to announce to the public that he has removed his Butcher store to 384 College Street near Border St., where you will be able to obtain all kinds of Kosher Meats of the finest quality and at reasonable prices.

Mr. Cohen has been catering to a high class of Jewish families for a number of years and has always given entire satisfaction.

Cleanliness and courtesy is his motto and this is carried out as you will find if you call and make a trial purchase, or Phone your order in and you will have same promptly delivered, the phone No. is Trinity 4320.

DARROW-BRICKNER DEBATE NOVEMBER 20

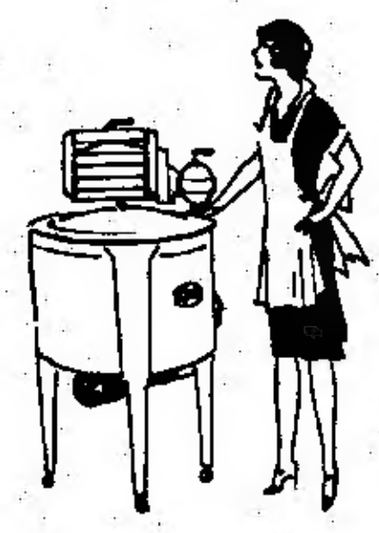
Clarence Darrow, noted Chicago attorney, will debate Rabbi Barnett R. Brickner, November 20th at Massey Hall, under the auspices of the Open Forum of Holy Blossom Alumni, on the subject 'Is Man a Machine?' Mr. Darrow will uphold the affirmative. The Open Forum is planning a series of discussions, and have booked Lewis Browne for December 23rd.

700 ATTEND JEWISH BOYS' CLUB ENTERTAINMENT

The first annual "Get-together" of the Jewish Boys' Club was held Sunday evening, October 12th, at the Council Community House, 44 St. George St. Over 700 boys were entertained and many more were turned away. The program opened with a South Sea Island Revue staged by the boys of the A.P.C. group of Fraser centre. Irving Warshavsky, Mentor of the Champs, played the piano. Ralph Raphael, chairman of the Boys' Club Board of Directors, welcomed the boys back. I. Markus, Chairman of Camp Bnai Brith, spoke. Ben Perlove, Mentor of Ephraim, group sang. The entertainment ended with minstrel show arranged by the campers.

MEMBERS WANTED

Club now partially organized desires a few more members about 21 years of age who have attended High School. Most of the present members live in the College and Shaw District. Write to Miss Olive Rangel, 3181 Yonge Street.



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TORONTO SOCIAL

Mrs. Harry Samuel, 68 Hillholme Road, was hostess at tea to the prospective members of the Junior Auxiliary of the Council of Jewish Women. Mrs. A. I. Willinsky and Mrs. Julius Elsman presided over the tea table. Misses Edna Frankel, Sylvia Silverman, Ruth Levin and Ruth Rosenthal assisted. Misses Beatrice Centner, Sylva Gelber, Thelma Clivir and Mrs. I. Fried assisted the hostess in receiving.

• • •

Mrs. Percy Hermant, Heath Street West, left Monday for Montreal, where she will spend some time visiting relatives.

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Julius Dubey, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Dubey, Lyndhurst Avenue, for a few days.

• • •

Miss Sylva Gelber, Lowther Avenue, returned Sunday night from Montreal, where she was the guest of her uncle, A. J. Alexandor.

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Dr. Lawrence M. Hutner, who is practicing in Rochester, N.Y., who was in town to attend the Casselman-Lubelsky wedding, was with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Hutner, Spadina Road.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. I. Brodey, Palmerston Boulevard, are spending a few weeks in Atlantic City, N.J.

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Mr. and Mrs. S. Bernstein and family, formerly of Whitney Avenue, are living at No. 14 Highbourne Road.

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Dr. A. I. Willinsky, Madison Avenue, returns on Friday from Philadelphia where he attended a meeting.

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Mr. and Mrs. A. Levy, St. Clair Avenue West, left on a two weeks motor trip to Atlantic City.

• • •

Lloyd Bernstein, who is attending McMaster University in Hamilton, spent the week-end in town with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Bernstein, Highbourne Road.

• • •

Dr. and Mrs. Lester Miller, of Brooklyn, N.Y., will be in town the latter part of this week, the guests, of Mrs. Miller's sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Levi, Lonsdale Road.

• • •

Mrs. W. Wintrope and daughter, Ethyle, High Park Avenue, are spending the next few weeks in New York City.

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Mrs. S. Herman and grandchildren, Yetta and Paula, have moved to 423 Parkside Drive.

• • •

Mrs. H. Bain, Rushton Road, who spent the past four days in New York, came home on Friday.

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Mrs. J. Herman, Wells Hill Ave., has been in Hamilton for the past week.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. M. Cohn, Harper Avenue, were home to their friends Sunday evening last.

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Mrs. J. J. Silverman, of Sudbury, Ont., is in town visiting her mother, Mrs. H. Andrews, Northcliffe Boulevard.

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Mrs. M. Brenzel, Austin Crescent, is entertaining Saturday in honor of her son Sydney's 10th birthday.

• • •

Miss Tillie Zarnett, Oxford Street, entertained at luncheon, Tuesday, at the Arcadian Court, complimenting Miss Dot Ziff, a bride-elect of this month.

• • •

Miss Evelyn Caplan, Markham Street, was hostess at bridge Thursday evening last, as a courtesy to Mrs. W. Sable (nee Nina Ruben) a recent bride. Prizes were won by Misses Ida Wolman, Anne Grossman, and Sylvia Rivkin.

• • •

Miss Lillian Prager received her junior pupils at her studio, 122 Grenville Street, for an hour of children's music.

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Mr. and Mrs. L. Danson, of Montreal, spent a few days in Toronto, en route to their home, from a trip to the Coast. They stopped with Mrs. R. J. Mann, Bathurst Street.

• • •

Mrs. M. Watkins, Borden Street, was hostess at tea at the Royal York Hotel, honoring Miss Blanche Cohen, a bride-elect.

• • •

Miss Tillie Malkin, Huron Street, was tea hostess Saturday afternoon, at the King Edward Hotel, in complimenting to Miss Dot Ziff, a bride-elect.

• • •

Mrs. Robert Cohen, of Windsor, Ont., spent a few days in town with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Perlman, Ossington Avenue.

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Mrs. E. Shapiro, Burnside Avenue, who has been visiting relatives in Montreal for the past ten days, returns home on Friday.

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Miss Jean Moskowitz, Palmerston Blvd., gave a tea at the King Edward Hotel, complimenting Miss Blanche Cohen, bride-elect of November 18th.

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Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Roth, College Street, were dinner hosts Tuesday evening, in honor of their second wedding anniversary. Covers were laid for ten guests.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. S. Lent, Indian Road, were hosts at a dinner party in honor of Mr. and Mrs. D. Wilson and daughters, Florence and Celia, who recently returned from abroad, to Mrs. J. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. L. Goldman, Mr. and Mrs. I. Wineberg and daughter, Jacqueline, Misses Eva Wilson, Ruth Hoffman and Joe Wilson.

• • •

Mrs. I. Leventhal and Mrs. M. Moskowitz, of Brooklyn, N. Y., spent the week-end with Mrs. D. Appleby, Parkside Drive.

• • •

Misses Bebs Bronstein and Gertrude Hershenhorn, Glenholme Avenue, gave a bridge at the latter's home Tuesday evening complimenting Miss Blanche Cohen, a bride-elect. Mesdames George Lister, Louis Fox, David Bronstein, Samuel Valle, Thomas Levine, I. Broderson, Misses Pauline Rother, Lillian Garfield, Carlotta Williams, Ettie Caplan, Gussie Hundert, Ruth Cohen, Lillian Prager, Anne Rose, Molly Back, Dolly Stone, Betty Griss, Celia Rogul and Ida Baer were there.

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Mrs. Samuel Levy and son, Henry Arthur, of New York, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Brankstone, Dupont, Street, for some time.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Scher, Markham Street, spent the week-end in Buffalo, N.Y.

• • •

Mrs. Nathan Phillips, Lauder Avenue, presided at a League of Nations meeting Monday, October 13th, at the Toronto Public Library, St. George Street.

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Mrs. Celia Helpert, Palmerston Boulevard, left for Rochester, N.Y., to attend the Takslin-Schaffer wedding.

• • •

Mrs. B. Hillman, Cedarvale Mansions, entertained at bridge Tuesday evening last, honoring Miss Lillian Suroff, bride-elect. Prizes were won by Mrs. B. Bregman and Mrs. M. C. Cohen.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. G. Faunman, Palmerston Boulevard, and Mrs. S. Dinaberg, Galley Avenue, leave this Friday for Rochester, N.Y., to attend the Takslin-Schaffer wedding.

• • •

Mrs. A. Nashman, Raglan Avenue, gave a presentation bridge, Thursday evening, honoring Miss Lillian Suroff, a bride-elect. Prizes were won by Mrs. M. Enkin, Mrs. H. Palter, and Miss Lillian Suroff.

• • •

Mrs. I. C. Goldman, of New York, (née Anne Gordon) is visiting her sister, Mrs. H. Mendelson, Dunvegan Road.

• • •

Miss Hilda Casselman, of New York, was in town to attend the Casselman-Lubelsky wedding.

• • •

Mrs. M. J. Mentel, Ossington Avenue, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. H. J. Rabow, in Buffalo, N.Y., is expected home Wednesday.

• • •

Misses Rose and Minnie Livingston, Spadina Road, entertained at the tea hour, Sunday afternoon in honour of Mesdames D. Doniger, D. Raikoff and D. Seigel, of Atlantic City, N.J.

• • •

Mrs. D. Doniger, of Atlantic City, N.J., who has been the guest of her aunt, Mrs. J. Seifer, Markham Street, returned home.

• • •

Mrs. C. J. Benjamin, Ossington Avenue, was hostess Saturday evening at bridge, honoring Mesdames D. Doniger, D. Raikoff and D. Seigel, of Atlantic City, N.J. Prizes were won by Mesdames D. Seigel, M. Nowack, S. Stork and Miss Minnie Livingston. Friday, Mrs. Benjamin gave a dinner and theatre party for the out-of-town guests.

• • •

Mrs. D. Raikoff and Mrs. D. Seigel, of Atlantic City, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Benjamin, Ossington Avenue, while visiting in town.

• • •

Miss Clara Morris, of Kingston, Ont., is the guest of Mrs. E. I. Kenen, Bernard Avenue.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. S. Hemerofsky, of Englehart, are visiting Mrs. Hemerofsky's mother, Mrs. L. Freedman, Weybourne Crescent.

• • •

Misses Irene and Florence Foreman, Westmount Avenue, were hostesses at bridge Sunday evening last.

• • •

Mrs. J. Seifer, Markham Street, was hostess at a theatre party Monday; dinner on Wednesday and bridge party on Sunday, honoring Mesdames D. Doniger, D. Raikoff and D. Seigel, of Atlantic City.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. I. Segel, of Hamilton, Ont., were in town for the week-end with Mrs. Segel's mother, Mrs. E. I. Kenen, Bernard Avenue.

• • •

Mrs. D. Skepner, Clinton Street, entertained at bridge Sunday evening, honoring Mrs. M. Zalkon (née Rose Goodman).

• • •

Sol Greenwood, Page Street, was host to some of his friends, Sunday evening last.

• • •

Miss Belle Tennenbaum, Brunswick Avenue, was hostess to some of her friends Thursday evening last. Miss Selma Sonshine was the prize-winner.

Additional entertainments for Miss Lillian Suroff, a bride-elect of this month were given by: Mrs. Harry Prager, Conrad Avenue, theatre party; Mrs. Samuel Stein, Springmount Avenue and Mrs. S. Dubross, Rusholme Drive, luncheon at the Georgian Room; Mrs. Chas. Rotenberg, Imperial Street, bridge; Mrs. Joseph Lyons, D'Arcy Street, tea at the Royal York Hotel; Mrs. Joseph Waxman, Dufferin Street, tea at the King Edward Hotel; Mrs. Elie Spivak, Bathurst Street, and Mrs. Samuel Freedhoff, College Street, theatre party; Mrs. Harry Palter, Elvina Gardens, bridge.

• • •

Parties this past week were given in compliment to Miss Lillian Starkman, a bride-elect, by: Mrs. H. Deveret, Dundas Street West, tea at the Arcadian Court; Miss Goldie Shear, Vaughan Road, and Mrs. L. Finberg, Lonsdale Road, bridge; Miss Esther Silverman, Humber Street, luncheon at the Georgian Room; Mrs. J. Gushansky and Mrs. B. Sackin, Markham Street, bridge; Miss Eve Rosenthal, Vaughan Rd., tea at the Royal York Hotel; Mrs. Walter Hershman, Danforth Avenue, tea; Miss Clair Goldenberg, Brunswick Avenue, luncheon at the Arcadian Court; Miss Sarah Kleiman, Grace Street, dinner and theatre party; Miss Thelma Wineberg, Queen Street West, theatre party; Mrs. Mac Cohen, Bathurst Street, bridge; Misses Ettie Wagman, Clara Miller and Esther Friedman, luncheon at the Royal York Hotel.

• • •

B. W. Rosenthal, Vaughan Road, and Harold Mehr, Balsam Road, have left for a motor trip to Montreal, and Rochester, N.Y.

• • •

Miss Eve Rosenthal, Vaughan Road, entertained at the tea hour at the Royal York Hotel, honoring Miss Lillian Starkman, a bride-elect.

• • •

Mrs. M. Snyder, of Detroit, who has been with her mother, Mrs. M. Gebirtig, Lee Avenue, for the past year convalescing from an illness, will again make her home in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Davis, 483 Russell Hill Road, arrive home on the S. S. Centegrande, Tuesday, October 14th, after a three-and-a-half months' tour of Europe.

• • •

Mrs. George Bloomstone, of Montreal, is visiting her mother, Mrs. M. Elsen, Euclid Avenue.

• • •

Mr. and Mrs. H. Rosenthal, of New York, who spent the week-end with their aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. M. Nowack, returned home.

• • •

Miss Maud Stone, Cecil Street, spent the week-end in Buffalo, N.Y., the guest of Dr. and Mrs. William Stone.

• • •

Miss Roma Bain, of New York, is visiting Miss Paula Herman, Parkside Drive.

• • •

Miss Celia Nussbaum, Beverley Street, spent the week-end in Buffalo, N.Y.

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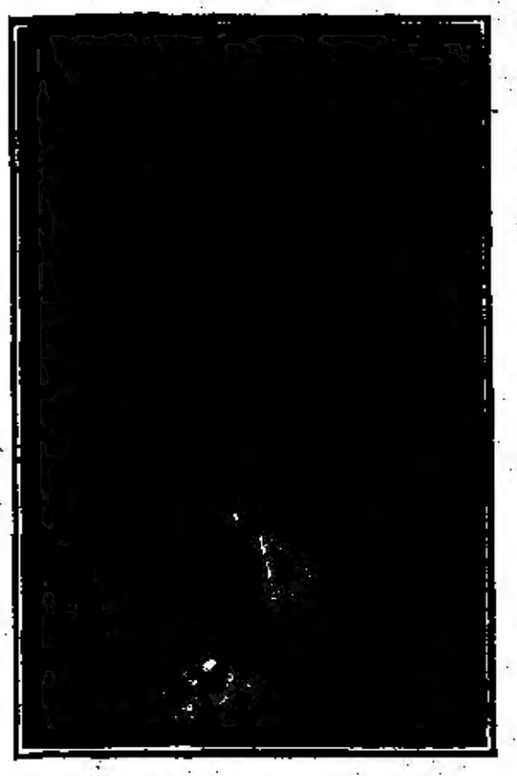
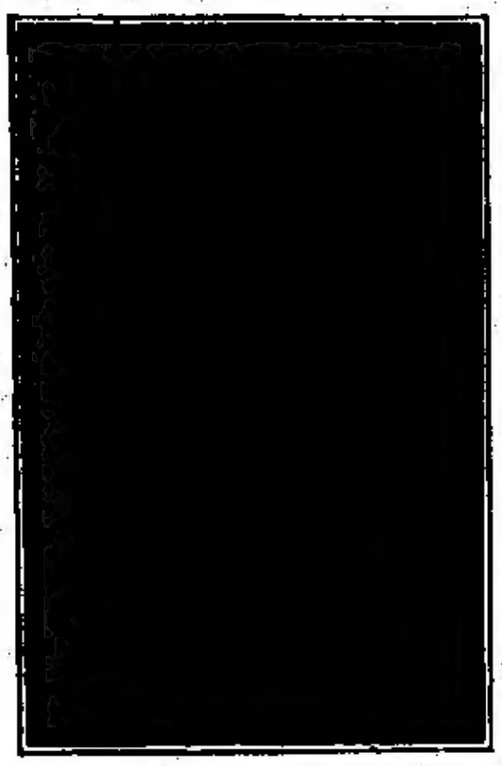
FEDERATION CAMPAIGN OCTOBER 27 TO 31

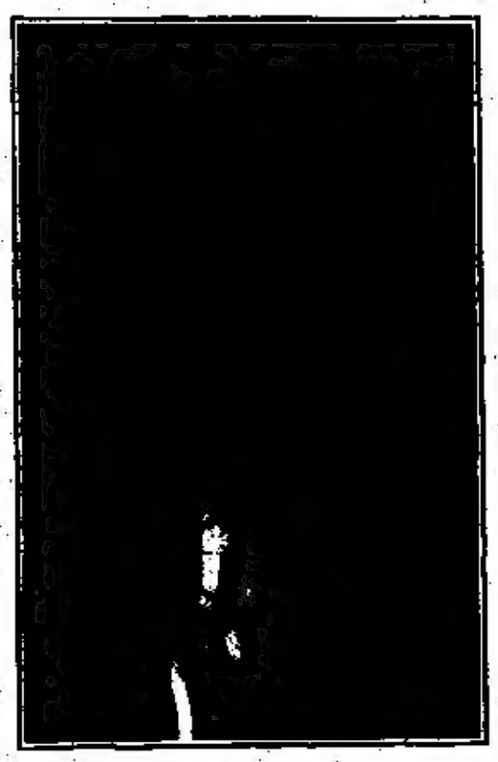
The campaign of Federation for $175,000 takes place October 27th to 31st. Jess Kaplan is Chairman of the Publicity Committee. Henry S. Rosenberg is Chairman of the Speakers' Bureau. Toronto Lodge Bnai Brith have appointed these Associate Chairman to organize a Division of 200 workers to take part in the Campaign: N. Perlmutter, D. Levinne, H. Rosenthal, Saul Kaufman, I. Markus, Barney Cohen, Herb Weiss, M. L. Goldstein, J. M. Gordon, M. Wintrob. The A.Z.A. Chapter of Toronto Lodge Bnai Brith are organizing a team of from twenty to thirty men. Judaea Knights of Pythias, under the Chairmanship of Sam Bernstein, will supply a team. Harry Rotenberg is Chairman of the Preferred Names Committee. A division is being organized by the three Associate Chairmen of Division No. 4, S. Kronick, E. Pulian and L. Gelber. A meeting of this Division was held at the home of Mr. Kronick, Wednesday evening, October 15th. Division No. 5 will cover the needle trades. The Jewish Fraternities will look after the factory lists. Mrs. Nathan Phillips is General Convenor of the Women's Division and is organizing ten teams comprising 200 women. Headquarters of the Campaign, 50 King St. East. Campaign Director is J. I. Oelbaum. The rabbis of all synagogues have delivered sermons urging full support to the campaign, with money and service.



J. Irving Oelbaum, Executive Director of Federation.



Sigmund Samuel, Honorary Chairman.



N. L. Nathanson, Vice Chairman.

Harry Rotenberg, Chairman, Preferred Names Committee.

David Dunkelman, Treasurer.

Percy Hermant, Associate Chairman.

Jess Kaplan, Chairman of Publicity.

Mark G. Cohen, Associate Chairman.

TORONTO HADASSAH

Hatikvah Chapter of Hadassah held a tea and towel shower at the home of Mrs. Leon Scher, Markham Street, in aid of the Towel Booth at the Hadassah Exposition. Mrs. L. Fox presided over the tea table.

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Marriages

Casselman-Lubelsky

The wedding was solemnized at the Royal York Hotel of Helen, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Lubelsky, Rosedale Heights Drive, to S. H. Casselman. The ceremony was performed by Rabbi Maurice N. Eisendrath. The setting for the bridal party was rooms decorated with palms, ferns and tall standards of michaelmass daisies. As the Lohengrin wedding march was being played the bride entered on the arm of her father. She was gowned in white chiffon with touches of rhinestones. Her long shell-pink tulle veil fell from a Juliette cap of real lace and was caught up with orange blossoms. She carried a shower bouquet of Sweetheart roses and lily-of-the-valley. The bride's only attendant was her eldest sister, Mrs. William Gittes gowned in periwinkle blue lace with hat and shoes of matching colour. She carried an arm bouquet of Johanna Hill roses. The groom was attended by Dr. Lawrence M. Hutner. Ushers were William Loebel and William Gittes. The guests were received at the entrance to the drawing room by Mrs. S. Lubelsky, mother of the bride, who wore a brown panne velvet ensemble. Her flowers were a corsage of orchids. Mrs. H. S. Casselman, mother of the groom, wearing black velvet, carried orchids. The wedding buffet was served from a table arranged with smilax, roses and lily-of-the-valley with tall silver candelabra. After cutting the wedding cake the bride changed into a travelling costume of brown broadcloth trimmed with blue fox, a small brown silk hat and brown suede shoes; with a shoulder bouquet of Talisman roses. Mr. and Mrs. Casselman left to spend their honeymoon in Washington, D. C., and Virginia Beach, Va.

STAG MEETING MONDAY

An executive meeting of the M.Y.M.C. at the home of M. Brown, Clinton Street, decided to hold a meeting and stag at the King Edward Hotel, Monday, October 20th, at 8 p.m. Executive Committee: Nat Garante, Sam Axmith, Dave Keyfetz and Al Sherman

Love despises danger; it tramples on difficulties; it is like the mighty torrent, it carries all before it.

FRATERNITY ENTERTAINS FOR SCREEN STAR

Omega Chapter of Sigma Alpha Mu fraternity was host last Sunday evening at a party in honour of Miss Lillian Roth, screen star, and Herb Oshens, of Syracuse. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Singer, Misses Betty and Marjorie Kasler, Dorothy Posnick, Jeanne Kronick, Sarah Siegel, Margery and Zelma Singer, Florence Andrews, Helen Yanover, Ruth Rogul, Lillian Lieberman, Sybil Lieberman, Beulah Papernick, Anne and Yeta Kosler, Buddy Andrews, Ellen Caplan, Florence Resvinek, Dorothy Marks, Sylvia Lewis, Helen Solway, Mary Fogle and Esther Godfrey; and Ben Crosberg, Dr. Mac Bochner, Jake Stuchen, Monte Beder, Sam Zachs, Moe and Dave Kasler, Harold Taube, M. and D. Kasler, H. Taube C. Solursh, Zach Dich, J. and C. Kaplan, Sam Gotfrey, Sid and Mannie Finkleman, Mervyn Marks, Leo Lewis, Henry Zacks, Al and Max Pasternack, Ed Breslin, Solly Alter, Abe Ziskin, Dave Richardson, Zack Rochman, Alec Rosenthal, Maurice Stren, Bill Cohn, Dave Oxler, Zoe Lieberman, Bill Garbe, Irwin Lyons, Dave Siegal, Harold Pritzker, Harry Cominsky, Alec Levinsky, Ab Colden, Bora Saskin, Ed Ostre, and Micky Sandler. Miss Roth was a visitor Sunday afternoon and gave her impressions of the stage and screen.

Mentors' Association Elects Officers

Mentors' Association met Thursday, October 9th, in the Music Room at Hart House. Loris Tarshis, President of the Association, was in the chair. Officers elected: President, Theodore Trainin; Vice-President, Mervyn Goldstone; Secretary, Irving Cohen, Treasurer, Royden Cowan. Taylor Statten spoke on "Methods of Club Leadership". He recalled that about 10 years ago, at the request of the late M. M. Conen, he had taken charge of the first Leaders' Training Course. Martin M. Cohn, General Secretary, thanked him. Refreshments were served in the Graduates' Dining Room. An arrangement has been made with Young Judaea so that the training course, sponsored by the Mentors' Association, will be open to Young Judaea leaders and the Young Judaea leadership training course will be open to the Association. Membership in the Association will be open only to those Mentors who had completed one year's satisfactory service or training. 60 Mentors and prospective Mentors were present

A world full of happiness is not beyond human power to create; the obstacles are not insuperable. The real obstacles lie in the heart of man, and the cure for these is a firm hope, informed and fortified by thought. —Bertrand Russell.

THE ENEMY'S GATES

(Continued from page 17)

ing. She neglected her Tommy, of course; but that did not worry him. He had long ago learned to look out for himself. They were the jolliest possible comrades, the mother and son, when their paths happened to cross; for the most part, however, their horizons were clear of each other. Tommy had a brawny nurse, Hannah, who had brought him up without much interference. The Wilton "suite" consisted of Mrs. Wilton's big sunny bedroom on the front of the Hotel and of a dank back-cubicle two flights up that was shared by Tommy and Hannah. Hannah was devoted to the little boy and regarded his mother with a certain disgusted tolerance. By the three words "She ain't responsible" the servant laconically explained her mistress. Wages came at wide intervals—sometimes not more than twice a year—but usually they were accompanied by some gaudy trinket, a pair of red earrings or a string of baby-blue beads, that satisfied the Irishwoman's primitive passion for self-adornment. Grumbling, gossiping with whatever chambermaids were within her range, Hannah yet stuck to her post. Mrs. Wilton wore French dresses and paid big money for them. Tommy's wardrobe was quite another matter, so Hannah claimed. As for the poor child's underclothes—he never got new ones till the old had dropped to pieces. You couldn't send rags down to a hotel laundry: Hannah therefore did up the pitiful garments herself; at least, she was always intending to, when she could get around to it. Meanwhile, the pile of dirty linen in the darkest corner of the closet continued

(Continued on page 23)

BNAI BRITH TO MEET WITH A.Z.A. CHAPTER

Bnai Brith will be host to the A.Z.A. Chapter, Aleph Zadek Aleph, a junior branch of the Bnai Brith. It has a Toronto membership of about forty, composed of men from 16 to 21 years of age. Practically all of the members are engaged in welfare work, a majority being mentors at the Boys Club, and leaders at Camp Bnai Brith. The head of the lodge which is known as Aleph Godol, is Percy Kopman, who was the director at Camp Bnai Brith for the past season. The presentation will be made by the Bnai Brith lodge to the Chapter of a complete regalia including a menorah. The initiation ceremony of the A.Z.A. will also be exemplified by the degree team of the Chapter. The speaker will be William Horowitz, of Yale University. Past Grand Aleph Sgan. This is the first joint meeting of the Bnai Brith and the A.Z.A. in the city, and takes place Monday, October 20th, at the Alexandra Room, King Edward Hotel.

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THE ENEMY'S GATES

(Continued from page 22)

to grow. Tommy in the morning, after he'd stripped off his nightgown, often discovered that he hadn't a clean shirt or a pair of drawers left. Much foraging and rummaging about in the disgraceful litter would ensue; in perfect gravity, he and Hannah would sort out what might still be half-way decent from what was sullied beyond mortal endurance. They narrowed their eyes, they compared notes on the different shades of dinginess. Then, the decision made, Tommy romped out of the closet in unabashed nakedness, generally trailing out along the floor of the room several articles of underwear that had got tangled around his ankles.

A very informal life these two led. Tommy's sturdy body received about as regular scrubbings as did his clothes. When he did land in a tub, it was no small satisfaction to him to watch the water turn muddy. George Morgenthal had once taken his bath in Tommy's presence; after he'd got one of his legs washed, he'd forgotten which one and had to begin all over again. Such calamitous perplexities were never visited on Tommy Wilton. Yet he throve; moreover, he was a lovable and disarming boy. Mrs. Morgenthal, with her unerring knowledge of children, had soon decided that he might be good for the muddled George. She had liked his broad smile, his healthy smell of the earth. She was not the sort to extend her grievance beyond the mother to her merry and irrepressible son. Besides, in a Florida hotel, it was impossible to keep in force the rigorous New York rules. The children had to play with someone; and Tommy had speedily won Rachel Morgenthal over to his side.

To George and Jessica, he proved a revelation. His vocabulary, his execrable grammar could be traced straight back to his Hannah; his pug-nosed freckled face had certainly not been cast in an artisocratic mold: and yet he had a certain air about him. Hannah frequently confided to her cronies her belief that Mr. Wilton was a polite myth; but, whoever Tommy's father was, he must have come of a sound stock, for Tommy had a solid and bluffly honest nature. Hannah deserved some credit, of course; a good soul, she had done her hearty best for the boy. Her methods of discipline, however, would hardly have been approved by the laxest juvenile court. When Tommy swore at her, she swore back; being his superior in that department of verbal gymnastics, she generally emerged victorious from the competition. Only by her feats in profanity did she retain her control of the situation. In his relation to Hannah, Tommy might have been a doughty young tar sprawling across the bar of some notorious dive on the water-front and swapping yarns with the burly proprietor; he might even have been the traditional blasphemous parrot strutting about on the shoulder of the pirate captain. Still the peculiar mark upon him of good birth remained. Hannah herself recognized it and, just once in a while, bowed down to him deferentially. It was because of this intangible asset that Mrs. Morgenthal had given him free run of her children's quarters.

George responded surprisingly to the influence of Tommy. He had reached the age where he needed bracing shocks that would buffet him out of his morbid unrest. Tommy had soon settled some of his doubts for him — particularly on the subject of sex. No lectures ever contained more of salt gusto and rank common sense than those discharged into George's ears behind the backs of the Morgenthal servants. There was no call to be ashamed of yourself, young Wilton preached; you ought to be "damned proud." George, when he sidled away from these conferences and returned to his nurse, would feel the unusual temptation to strut, to let the whole world know that he was of a cosmic importance; but his shyness could not be conquered for long. If anyone looked suspiciously at his scorching cheeks, his poise collapsed at once. He was plain George Morgenthal again; by his look of suffocated sheepishness, he was confessing to all observers that, in the phraseology of his own nurse, he'd been "listening to bad talk."

In many ways, the companionship of Tommy worked out well for George. Nothing, of course, could cure him of his mulish stubbornness, his reluctance to admit himself in the wrong. Born under an obscure star, he was doomed to play a losing game. Whenever he took a firm stand, events soon proved it to be ill-considered; with his back to the wall, he fought on just the same, refusing to give way a single inch. If the nervous energy he wasted in a lost cause could have been utilised in the defense of a plausible project, the results might have been glorious. Even a few frank surrenders at the last would have taught him the value of conciliation; but George, at bay, had a wicked habit of threatening to throw himself "of the seawall," and thus of frightening his opponents into submission at the very moment of their victory. Morton and Jessica believed him capable of a spectacular suicide; they never quite dared to voice a scoffing doubt. With Tommy, it was different: Tommy would casually have told him to go ahead and drown himself; and then there would have been no feasible way out of the cold plunge. So he had learned a certain reluctant caution. Moreover, worshiping Tommy as a romantic hero, he had a passionate desire to measure up to his standards. A fraternal alliance, a masonic bond he craved. He dreaded the stigma of babyishness or girlishness. Determined to prove his mettle, he put himself through a continual drill under the eyes of his genial commander. Trudging about at Tommy's heels, hands in pockets and shoulders squared, he could postpone for the time being his misanthropic questionings. But the half-gasping exhilaration caused by this impact against him of a four-square character could not last; after a while, he would shake his dazed head, the stimulus would ebb and he'd be shrinking back again into the old darkness. The friendship endured long enough, however, to make an uncompromising young male out of him. While his body grew long and his face, losing its childish roundness, took on the look of a lean collie dog, the sinews of his nature toughened. Thanks to Tommy, he was tided over a perilous transition stage. He looked forward with exultation now to the day when his voice should crack and his beard begin to sprout; always before, he had been overwhelmed by embarrassment at the prospect. Under Tommy's tuition, he had come to consider himself the rich raw material of a man.

It was an inspiration to George to hear Tommy growl in the first person plural: "*We'll* do that," "*We'll* go there," "When *we* grow up." Morton and Jessica no longer counted for much. They belonged in the ignominious band of "kids." Morton, indeed, had he been of as ripe an age as Tommy, would never have been honored with the accolade of his friendship; nor would he have cared to be so singled out. These children had nothing in common. Tommy thought Morton a mere flouncing "dressmaker;" to the fastidious Morton, Tommy, with his grubby fingernails and his unregenerate animalism, was beyond the pale of decency. Cleanliness, both of body and mind, was in Morton's opinion the paramount virtue. The two boys, therefore, turned up their noses at each other—the one to show manly scorn, the other to indicate delicately that the air around Tommy didn't smell of soap suds. If Jessica had but the good fortune to be an eleven-year-old male, Tommy would have given her a rousing welcome into the band of the elect; *for* he and she were in many ways kindred spirits. In fact, as matters stood, young Wilton treated her with old-fashioned courtesy. His conversation would be restricted, in her presence, to topics of the most innocent nature. He did curse before her; he saw no earthly reason why a gentleman shouldn't curse in the hearing of a lady. Jessica, without a moment's hesitation, added these delightful oaths to her own vocabulary. Once, out in the courtyard, she had cried in a bossy, brassy voice, "Now, where the *Hell's* my bicycle?" Immediately there had sounded a single peremptory tap on Mrs. Morgenthal's window. "Jessica, I want you for a moment," had come the dread summons. A quarter of an hour later Jessica, chastened and with a big remorseful tear in each eye, had returned to her bicycle hunt. But she had been found out too late; though she struggled to eliminate all blasphemy from her speech, she could not get any fun henceforth out of an insipid "Goodness!" or even a rowdyish "Darn It!" For the rest of her career, she swore spontaneously and proficiently. George, too, had learned from Tommy many an epic phrase that brought solace to him in the soul-tortured lamentations of later life. Morton disdained any such ready-made tags to fit a mood of blackness or rebellion; his particular forte was destined to be epigrams of a neat and polished cynicism.

Occasional brawls between Tommy and the Morgenthals were, of course, inevitable. The solidarity of the Morgenthal forces withstood these attacks. George, despite his intense devotion to Tommy, could still rally to the family banner in moments of crisis and savagely splinter his lance against his friend's breast. In fighting on the side of Morton and Jessica, he was shedding his young blood for his mother.

The big row, that winter, was staged on the twenty-fifth of January. The Morgenthals, as a matter of fact, had started the trouble. After lessons, they had rushed out with Tommy to the orange-grove. It had been their innocent purpose to see how much of the fruit they could eat before luncheon. The nurses, on a bench at a distance, knitted and exchanged sibilant confidences on the latest indiscretions of Morgenthal and Mrs. Wilton. For a while, the four children had a jolly time. Then Tommy, as he leaped up to grab a particularly brilliant orange, had come into jarring collision with Morton. Morton had landed flat on his back, with Tommy on his chest.

Neither was hurt. Tommy, the first to get up, was on the point of grinning out a good-natured apology when Morton remarked on a note as crystal-cold as the tinkle of ice in a glass, "I wish you'd learn, Tommy, not to slobber. Just look at my new necktie."

Disdainfully he held out, between thumb and forefinger, his beautiful blue silk cravat. When poor Tommy tumbled, he had spilled a syrupy rill, composed in about equal parts of saliva and orange-juice, over Morton's immaculate front. "You've spoiled it," Morton pursued in curt clipped accents. Averting his eyes, he mopped up the mess with a few disgusted dabs of his handkerchief. "I put it on today for the first time; and now it's too *dirty* to wear any more."

Tommy was deeply cut. Despite his rough barked exterior, he had his painful sensibilities, his secret aching consciousness that he had somehow fallen from his rightful sphere in life. Any slur on his manners, in particular any insulting use of that word "dirty" would send his temper seething up to fever heat. Nobody in the world, except Hannah and himself, was allowed to criticise his habits; he and the stalwart nurse knew the extenuating circumstances in the case, could make the proper allowances. In private, Tommy might take a certain chortling pride in his well-earned grime; in public, all mention of it enraged him.

For a moment, he stood in front of Morton and measured him up and down, then up and down again, with his hot blue eyes. At last he advanced, head lowered as if to butt, and deliberately wiped off the palms of his sticky hands on Morton's tidy jacket. It was an outlandish way to clear himself of the charge of boorishness; but his wrath had roared down his elementary sense of logic. He had been offended; and he had chosen the most effective method of blunt counter-attack.

George rushed at once to the protection of his breathless brother. "You keep your hands off him!" he warned, striving to get his voice down to a deep bass rumble.

"I'll do what I want with my hands," Tommy shot back. "If you don't look out, they'll land *you* a good punch."

At this moment of deadlock, the nurses suddenly rose in a body and started at a flustered squawking run for the children. If a victory was to be clinched for either side now, it must be by some lightning stroke of genius. The women were bearing down at a headlong speed; the opportunity for a physical knockout had passed. There was time at present only for a battle of wits and words.

The three Morgenthals had drawn together. Jessica, who had so far acted as a mere spectator, decided that her moment of active participation had arrived. "Why, *Tommy* Wilton!" she exclaimed in hoarse contempt. "You're not a boy at all—you're just a little *pig!*"

"Pig!" shouted George and Morton in chorus.

Jessica, as self-appointed soloist of the group, led off again with "Tommy Wilton's a pig—a *damned* little pig!"

"A damned pig!" chanted her brothers.

"Well, I may be a damned pig," Tommy conceded after a moment's tense pause. "But," and flinging back his head, he shook it triumphantly, "thank God I'm not a damned *Jew!*"

That trumpeted taunt, as it rang through the grove, transformed the scene on the instant. The silly gabbling squabble of four small children thinned out and died away on the air. Tommy's shrill clarion had in it the reverberations of centuries; he had conjured up to his support all the armies of oppression and persecution that, in their insensate charge down the ages, had crushed the flying Jews under their horses' hoofs. The arrogant little Morgenthals huddled helplessly against one another: theirs was the heritage of the haunted; the memories of two thousand years, with all their visions and echoes of bloodhorror, lay dormant in the busy brain cells of these three children.

Tommy had conquered; he stood there before them, eyes a blazing blue, fists planted on hips, like a Christian knight of old who, having traced out the sign of the cross, has put to scurrying rout the infernal rabble of Lucifer.

Without a word, the Morgenthals turned their backs on Tommy and stumbled off at a lame skip for the hotel. George, weak and white, never once looked back. Jessica and Morton did occasionally glance over their shoulders in the pathetic attempt to freeze Tommy out of countenance with baleful Gorgon glares.

"Jews—Jews!" Tommy bayed after them. In the end, their retreat had lost all semblance of order; distractedly, blindly, they bolted for shelter.

Mark Morgenthal met them in the courtyard. "Oh, Papa—Tommy Wilton—Tommy Wilton!" Jessica gasped and grabbed him around the waist.

Bending down, all kindness and solicitude, Morgenthal patted her head and took one of Morton's small cold

hands. "There, there," he confronted them. "Tell me all about it, poor little things!"

But George ran straight on. In his tribulation, nobody existed for him but his mother.

Shut into her room at last, his back flat against the door, he drew in a long quavering breath and lifted up to her tall figure, dim against the windowpane, eyes full of tragic supplication and smarting tears. He had struggled through the din to the healing peace of the altar.

"George dear!" His mother, starting up from her chair, had limped across the room to him and taken him into her arms. "What is it?"

"He called us Jews, mother," George answered in a choked mutter.

"But aren't you proud to be a Jew?" she wearily coaxed. "We are Jews—your father and I, George."

"Yes, I know—I'll always be proud, mother," he gave her his disconsolate word from lips that shook. "But the way he said it—I tried not to mind—I did try—" He could get no further; hugging her tight against him, he hid his face on her shoulder and broke into strangling sobs.

Stooped over him, his mother remained motionless and still and sad. It would do no good now to plead with him and exhort him to be brave. He had come to direct grips with life this morning. He had been dealt the first of the many wounds he must bear. His bitter long struggle with injustice had begun, and he lacked every weapon that could be of service to him. For the quivering of his sensitive defenseless spirit there would never be found a remedy. So she let him cry out his pain on her shoulder. In her heart she felt a haunting fear: what would become of this boy when she was dead?

CHAPTER IV

In solemn conclave, the Morgenthal children drew up the edict of Tommy Wilton's banishment; they swore never to speak to him again. At the end of a week, George had begun to experience sneaking regrets; and Jessica had been discovered loitering around in front of the culprit, bouncing a tennis ball nearer and yet nearer to him, all the while muttering to herself that "if bad boys said they were sorry, well—sometimes they got another chance and sometimes they didn't." Tommy *was* sorry; but he had no intention of saying so. It had soon become evident that everyone but Morton desired a reconciliation; how to bring it about without any sacrifice of dignity constituted a ticklish problem for both sides. It was Morgenthal, the clever diplomat, who engineered a peace treaty to which all could honorably subscribe. He had wheedled the whole story of the row out of Jessica. His first violent rush of anger against Tommy had quieted when he heard the plain facts: the boys had been baited beyond endurance; he had merely hit out in impetuous stormy reprisal. Morgenthal could be kindly and tolerant; pitying his own children in their stricken plight, he yet sympathized with Tommy, too. In the general apportioning of the blame, Tommy came out with a record no blacker than that of his little foes.

Morgenthal had just had his steam launch put into commission. In proposing to his children an all-day trip up the St. John's River, he made no mention of Tommy. He meant to throw the four of them together without warning. He had pledged Mrs. Wilton to secrecy: she was merely to promise Tommy a holiday; the boy must know nothing of the Morgenthal's schedule till he met their party at the early train. That had been the original scheme, as it had shaped itself in Marks' mind—an innocent and beguiling little plot to help the children out of their difficulties. As his plans for the excursion matured, however, they came by stealthy degrees to include not only Tommy and Hannah but Mrs. Wilton herself. Jealousy had of late been gnawing with sharp rat's teeth at Morgenthal's brain. Since he knew from experience that Ethel Wilton was worthless, he had the right to be suspicious of her every movement; but in the past he would never have cared how a woman amused herself behind his back. He had considered a mistress practically non-existent during his absence; so long as she committed no flagrant indiscretion, she could do as she pleased. This winter had wrought a subtle change in him. When he was with her, he suspected that she was comparing him mischievously with other men, younger men. Alone, he fell a prey to uneasy doubts; restless and discouraged, he would try to trace out her probable course during the long hours that separated her from him. She had become a perpetual irritant. So, rather than leave her to her own tricky devices for a single day, he had resolved to take her with him on this children's picnic. A year ago, before his youthful poise had sagged, he would have been disgusted with any man in an attitude of such impotent groveling. Even now, he had enough discernment left to view his surrender in an objective light and to despise himself for it. He experienced a rankling distaste at the prospect of sharing a day with Ethel Wilton and his own family. But, in reckless defiance of his deepest convictions, he went ahead with his arrangements. He had reached the point where his every thought had Mrs. Wilton mirrored in its depths; sooner or later, that disturbing image fixed his attention; then all the other elements in his mood would mistily run together and blur out.

On the morning of the holiday jaunt, the Morgenthal children tumbled out of their beds a good half-hour too soon; with their teeth chattering in the steel-gray chill of the dawn, they lurched into their clothes, dashed cold water over their faces and shook up the sleep-sodden nursemaids. "Hurry—please hurry!" they impatiently urged. "We don't want to miss that first train." Afraid that their father might be inclined to dawdle, they kept knocking at his door. At last, with the squeamish ordeal of breakfast behind them and a stretch of twenty long minutes of waiting ahead, they tiptoed into their mother's room. Rachel Morgenthal, switching on the light beside her bed, gave them her usual tender good-morning smile. To her, it was always a blessed moment of revival — this early welcome to the three children after the dragging waste of the night. As they were taken by turn into her arms, they communicated something of heat and vitality to her spent body. Snuggling against her, burrowing with their noses into her flesh, they recalled to her those precious years of her rugged vigor when she had suckled them with her milk and crooned over them while they hung with hard toothless gums to her breast. That remembrance in itself could call her back to life; they were still her young and they still needed her. The primitive mother-instinct was as strong in this civilized woman as in any dumb animal foraging with her whelps through the winter woods. A failing invalid now, trapped and crippled, she could no longer keep up her old vigilant companionship. Often, in the past few months, a new trouble had fretted at her heart and numbed it — the fear that she might some day lose her unchallenged control over the children. They loved her, she knew that; their loyalty was still staunch; but, leading their lives in the vivid daylight world, they might gradually, unconsciously allow her to recede deeper and deeper into the shadows. She could not go out to them now; they must come to her. Sudden capricious fascinations might exert more power over their variable natures than the steadiest tried devotion. Never confessing her dread, Rachel Morgenthal had begun to steel herself against desertion, to prepare for the day when she should receive mere dutiful perfunctory visits in her darkened room.

This morning, as she lay on her side and indulgently reviewed the little procession, she acted with a cheery brusqueness; but the sight of those three faces, so full of excitement and expectation, had brought on the dull throb of her pain.

"Look here, mother," George was saying. "When are you going to be well enough to come *with* us?"

"Soon, dear—soon," she promised him, with a tight hug of gratitude. It was proof of her drained weakness that she could find a flooding solace in his question.

Taking him by the arm, she brought him into the circle of light and examined him there. He still looked starved and pinched from the early cold; his big eyes had the expression of strained stupefaction that comes of getting up in a half-doze. She gave his cheek a tap of special tenderness and tugged his hair off his forehead.

"Now, Morton—let me look at you!" she commanded. Morton, as usual, was spruce and speckless, the perfect fashion-plate. He received a commendatory pat on the shoulder.

Jessica, beneath the night-light was found to have a big hard sleeper in her right eye. Her mother wiped it away with her handkerchief, while the little girl stood up, stiff and blinking, under the rigorous assault.

"There we are!" Mrs. Morgenthal dismissed them at last. "Now we all look our best. And we're going to have *a beautiful* day."

Morgenthal, after he had piloted his own party to the station and seen them packed safely into the train, strolled out to the platform. In a few moments he returned, a frothy lace wrap over one arm, Mrs. Wilton lightly leaning on the other. She wagged her head at the Morgenthal children, poked the point of her gay sunshade into Morton's ribs and, bobbing down, gave him a quick impulsive kiss.

"Good morning, George. Good morning, Jessica." She nodded briskly. "I don't dare to kiss you two."

Behind her there sounded a ponderous tread, then a scamper. The beaming countenance of Hannah had come into view over Morgenthal's shoulder; suddenly Mrs. Wilton's billowing skirts were swished aside by a small fist with splintered finger-nails — and Tommy bounded into sight.

By now, the three Morgenthals had scrambled out of their seats and stood face to face with the interloper. After a full second of taut suspense, the spirit of bubbling good-will prevailed.

"Why, *hello*, Tommy!" Jessica cried in a voice of bluff cordiality, quite as if she were welcoming him back from a long voyage. They shook hands on it.

Tommy and George just grinned at each other. Any display of emotion was barred from their man-to-man intercourse.

"Tommy." Morton indicated that he recognized the boy; but he delicately refrained from voicing an actual greeting. Instead, he smiled up at Tommy's pretty mother. "Are you coming with us?" he asked.

"Yes, indeed." Gently pushing him back into his seat, she laid her parasol across his knees. "You're to hold that for me; and we're going to sit together, you and I."

"All day?" he pressed, as he made room for her.

She laughed. "Well, we'll see, young man." She refused to commit herself.

Once on board the launch, Mrs. Wilton had taken it into her head that Morton was tired of her, that he wanted to play with the other children but was too polite to admit it. Despite his gallant protestations, he was shooed away.

"It's sweet of you—very sweet," she told him. "I do appreciate it." And she handed him over to his nurse.

In a secluded corner of the deck, under the striped awning, Mrs. Wilton and Morgenthal lay back in their lounging chairs, smoked cigarettes, ate sherberts, chatted desultorily, while the brown current of the river slipped by them and the long languid hours seemed to flow past visibly with the stream. To have her with him, to touch her hand, once in a while to throw an arm about her in a gesture of lazy possession—that was enough for him now. The children, Morton in particular, would occasionally poke their flushed faces around the corner, just to smile at their elders out of the fullness of their rapture. The nurses, with eyes averted, would pounce upon them in a moment and drag them back out of sight. There was no need for such measures of precaution; Morgenthal and Mrs. Wilton behaved, throughout the trip, with unfailing propriety. To Morgenthal, indeed, it was cause for vague wonderment that he should so relish these hours of effortless ease, that he should be so thankful for the children's chaperonage. His mind had already its busy schemes for other days on the boat, days when he and Mrs. Wilton would be alone and unrestricted. The blood slowed in his veins at the thought. He could be happy now in that rich anticipation and yet well content that, for the present at least, he was committed to utter repose, to the lotus-eater's drugged apathy. He was getting weary of exertion, fearful of strain.

The influence of the St. John's had soon hushed the young Morgenthals, and even the ebullient Tommy, into a hypnotized quiescence. The whole world seemed to suspend its breathing, to still its voices while the ample river slept the charmed sleep of some legendary giant, with swarthy head at rest in the lap of an enchantress. The children felt instinctively that they'd better not disturb the magic spell that held the river god in thrall. The launch had transported them into an atmosphere of fable. They forgot to play; they almost forgot to eat. Over the rail they hung by the hour. The water, an opaque muddied yellow, was less a fluid than an ooze of disintegrating vegetable matter: into it had been crumbled the dry-rot of innumerable cypress-knees and live-oak trunks; it obtained rich nourishment from the scum that had once mantled over phosphorescent marshes, from the fat poisonous juices distilled out of swamp fungus. The alligators on the banks, wallowing in the heat like pigs in a sty, seemed mere heaps of ribbed baked earth. The snakes, as they darted across the stream furrowed momentary glitters into the surface, appeared, in fact, to be only lightning streaks of slime. But the fecund loam bred hothouse blooms as well as reptiles, released the prismatic shimmer of dragon-flies at the same moment that it hatched the swarms of baby alligators out of their eggs. Once, rounding a curve, the launch had apparently run aground in a flowering meadow: all at once, there was no water visible, only a dense tangle of purple blossoms woven into a tight embroidery; but in a moment, as the prow cut and plowed ahead, the tough threads began to snap, the pattern to ravel. The vast gardenbed, scattering into a myriad of unmoored islands, had drifted away down the stream, hapless wavering and eddying to each swell of the wake. "Only a lot of old water-hyacinths," the prosaic skipper had grumbled.

(Continued next week)

There are few goals too high for us to reach, providing we are willing to pay the price.

Discouragement affords just the occasion for a more intelligent courage.—Professor John Dewey.